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SIXPENCE.

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LEADER OF AN UNACCEPTED CAUSE: THE RIGHT HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, WHO CELEBRATED HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY ON JULY 7.

FROM THE PAINTING BY P. TENNYSON COLE, TO WHOM MR. CHAMBERLAIN GAVE SPECIAL SITTINGS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

I FEEL an almost bitter envy on hearing that London has been flooded in my absence, while I am in the mere country. My own Battersea has been, I understand, particularly favoured as a meeting of the waters. Battersea was already, as I need hardly say, the most beautiful of human localities. Now that it has the additional splendour of great sheets of water there must be something quite incomparable in the landscape (or waterscape) of my own romantic town. Battersea must be a vision of Venice. The boat that brought the meat from the butcher's must have shot along those lanes of rippling silver with the strange smoothness of the gondola. The greengrocer who brought cabbages to the corner of the Latchmere Road must have leant upon the oar with the unearthly grace of the gondolier. There is nothing so perfectly poetical as an island; and when a district is flooded it becomes an archipelago.

Some consider such romantic views of flood or fire slightly lacking in reality. But really this romantic view of such inconveniences is quite as practical as the other. The true optimist who sees in such things an opportunity for enjoyment is quite as logical and much more sensible than the ordinary "Indignant Ratepayer" who sees in them an opportunity for grumbling. Real pain, as in the case of being burnt at Smithfield or having a toothache, is a positive thing; it can be supported, but scarcely enjoyed. But, after all, our toothaches are the exception, and as for being burnt at Smithfield, it only happens to us at the very longest intervals. And most of the inconveniences that make men swear or women cry are really sentimental or imaginative inconveniences—things altogether of the mind. For instance, we often hear grown-up people complaining of having to hang about a railway station and wait for a train. Did you ever hear a small boy complain of having to hang about a railway station and wait for a train? No; for to him to be inside a railway station is to be inside a cavern of wonder and a palace of poetical pleasures. Because to him the red light and the green light on the signal are like a new sun and a new moon. Because to him when the wooden arm of the signal falls down suddenly, it is as if a great king had thrown down his staff as a signal and started a shrieking tournament of trains. I myself am of little boys' habit in this matter. They also serve who only stand and wait for the two fifteen. Their meditations may be full of rich and fruitful things; and many of the most purple hours of my life have been passed at Clapham Junction, which is now, I suppose, under water. I have been there in many moods so fixed and mystical that the water might well have come up to my waist before I noticed it particularly. But in the case of all such annoyances, as I have said, everything depends upon the emotional point of view. You can safely apply the test to almost every one of the things that are currently talked of as the typical nuisance of daily life.

For instance, there is a current impression that it is unpleasant to have to run after one's hat. Why should it be unpleasant to the well-ordered and pious mind? Not merely because it is running, and running exhausts one. The same people run much faster in games and sports. The same people run much more eagerly after an uninteresting little leather ball than they will after a nice silk hat. There is an idea that it is humiliating to run after one's hat; and when people say it is humiliating they mean that it is comic. It certainly is comic; but man is a very comic creature, and most of the things he does are comic—eating for instance. And the most comic things of all are exactly the things that are most worth doing—such as making love. A man running after a hat is not half so ridiculous as a man running after a wife.

Now a man could, if he felt rightly in the matter, run after his hat with the manliest ardour and the most sacred joy. He might regard himself as a jolly huntsman pursuing a wild animal, for certainly no animal could be wilder. In fact, I am inclined to believe that hat-hunting on windy days will be the sport of the upper classes in the future. There will be a meet of ladies and gentlemen on some high ground on a gusty morning, who will be told that the professional attendants have started a hat in such-and-such a thicket, or whatever be the technical term. Notice that this employment will in the fullest degree combine sport with humanitarianism; it will sooth the consciences of many who will find themselves conscientiously unable to join in what they considered more cruel sports. The runaway hat has all the tantalising and even demoniac qualities of a living enemy. The hat can double like a hare. The hat can leap like a stag. The hat can turn to bay like a lion. But while its pursuers will thus have all the fierce cunning and violent variety of the chase, they would not have the feeling that they were actually inflicting pain; for modern philosophers are all agreed that hats have no feelings; though modern philosophers know nothing whatever about the matter, any more than about most others.

Still, the hunters would feel that they were not inflicting pain. Nay, they would feel that they were inflicting pleasure, rich, almost riotous pleasure, upon the people who were looking on. When last I saw an old gentleman running after his hat in Hyde Park, I told him that a heart so benevolent as his ought to be filled with peace and thanks at the thought of how much unaffected pleasure his every gesture and bodily attitude were at that moment giving to the crowd.

The same principle can be applied to every other typical domestic worry. A gentleman trying to get a fly out of the milk or a piece of cork out of his glass of wine often imagines himself to be irritated. Let him think for a moment of the patience of anglers sitting by dark pools, and let his soul be immediately irradiated with gratification and repose. Again, I have known some people of very modern views driven by their distress to the use of theological terms to which they attached no doctrinal significance, merely because a drawer was jammed tight and they could not pull it out. A friend of mine was particularly afflicted in this way. Every day his drawer was jammed, and every day in consequence it was something else that rhymes to it. But I pointed out to him that this sense of wrong was really subjective and relative; it rested entirely upon the assumption that the drawer could, should, and would come out easily. "But if," I said, "you picture to yourself that you are pulling against some powerful and oppressive enemy, the struggle will become merely exciting and not exasperating. Imagine that you are tugging up a life-boat out of the sea. Imagine that you are roping up a fellow-creature out of an Alpine crevasse. Imagine even that you are a boy again and engaged in a tug-of-war between French and English." Shortly after saying this I left him; but I have no doubt at all that my words bore the best possible fruit. I have no doubt that every day of his life he hangs on to the handle of that drawer with a flushed face and eyes bright with battle, uttering encouraging shouts to himself, and seeming to hear all round him the roar of an applauding ring.

So I do not think that it is altogether fanciful or incredible to suppose that even the floods in London may be accepted and enjoyed poetically. Nothing beyond inconvenience seems really to have been caused by them; and inconvenience, as I have said, is only one aspect, and that the most unimaginative and accidental aspect of a really romantic situation. An adventure is only an inconvenience rightly considered. An inconvenience is only an adventure wrongly considered. The water that girdled the houses and shops of London must, if anything, have only increased their previous witchery and wonder. For as the Roman Catholic priest in the story said: "Wine is good with everything except water," and on a similar principle, water is good with everything except wine. Last week may be said to have exhibited teetotalism on a gigantesque scale. To have water, water everywhere, and not a drop to drink seems to me to put that element exactly to its proper use. The whole human race has exhibited as one consistent principle the principle that those who saw most of the water drank least of it. Fishermen, sailing men, divers, and all others have always acted upon the idea that there might be any amount of water outside them, but none inside them.

The actual impression of the tempest must have been something almost recalling the Flood. It would have been very impressive if an enormous ark could have been built on the top of Piccadilly (let us say) and all the beasts fit for sacrifice could have gone up two by two and entered into the ark. London cab-horses, one would instinctively think, are beasts fit for sacrifice. London cabmen, in the opinion of many persons, are beasts fit for sacrifice or, at any rate, beasts fit for something. And as for cab-owners, the Marquesses and other wealthy persons who own cabs, it would seem on the first impression that they simply cry out for the sacrificial knife. But to suppose this is to misunderstand the original principle of sacrifice. The beast fitted for sacrifice must be spotless, healthy, and perfect; this seldom applies to the cab-horse, not often to the cabman, and never (for all practical purposes) to the man in the cab.

In this connection, by the way, a very common mistake is made by our modern sceptics in the matter of the phrase "self-sacrifice." Men of the school of Nietzsche or of Mr. Bernard Shaw often talk of self-sacrifice as if it meant the same as self-subordination or self-effacement. To sacrifice a thing is the Latin for making a thing holy. If you sacrifice yourself you make yourself something solemn and important. The old Pagan did not sacrifice his worst beast; he sacrificed his best beast to his gods. He paid it a compliment—with a hatchet. It would be an awful and stimulating thought to imagine this process of selection applied, for instance, to the human fauna of London. It is beautiful to think of the honest cabman being solemnly immolated because of his worthiness, and then of the stockbroker being splendidly and scornfully spared. But in any case, self-sacrifice is for this reason the opposite of self-effacement; and for this reason self-sacrifice is the very opposite of suicide. If you really think yourself a worm you have no right to practise self-sacrifice. Worms (unlike cabmen) are not creatures fit for the altar.

I will not, however, carry too far the comparison with the original Deluge. I will not suggest that the people in the ark should send out a postman (let us say) who should not return, and then send out a policeman who should return with a branch of olive in his mouth. I will not suggest that in future ages children will have little arks of wood made to commemorate the event, with little wooden figures of spotted cab-horses and brightly coloured County Councillors. It is enough for me that this was in all probability the most poetical event that has happened for a long time in the London that I love: since it is out of the area of great earthquakes. And it is enough for me, it is far too much for me (it has broken my heart), that I was not there to see it.

MOTIVES AND CUES.

The motive and the cue.—*Hamlet*.

WITHOUT national institutions the British as a people could not exist. I omit the great race-meetings; Henley and the Handel Festival I pass by with a sigh of relief, for both are nobler unvisited. Far better and more refreshing is it to imagine the water Olympia from a stuffy office than to struggle with the crowd in that saturnalia of the upper middle class; far better is it to imagine the best Handel passages as they are possibly performed by archangelic choirs and orchestras than to be roasted in the national hot-house and stunned with the essentially unmusical effect of over-blown choruses, the delight of a class that need not be defined except as not the most musical. At the risk of excommunication from that worthy social commonalty (Hail, O Gath! mine own city), I may confess that dearer than all the Saxon's colossal works I hold his exquisite little setting of—

Where'er you walk soft airs shall fan the glade,
Trees where you sit shall crowd into a shade.

It is the memory of that amid the too soft, the relaxing, and even noisome airs of the Strand on this July day that gives one the country of imagination, atones for the punt and backwater denied by duty, and makes a small and very select—in fact, the only real—Handel Festival.

But this may seem a far cry to national institutions, whence we set out. In our passion for these portents, however, lies the only true explanation of Handel's popularity. He was a very big man. "I am ze six shentlemen," he said to the astonished waiter when he sat down alone to his Gargantuan meal; he wrote gigantic works, and that gave him an excellent start with us. Then he became naturalised; now he is nationalised. Good Friday and New Year's Day could not be got through by the worthiest of our citizens without the Saxon's aid. Music and the love of music has nothing at all to do with this cult. Handel is like quarter day without its bitterness. Would that it could be half-yearly, or, better still, triennial!

And still we go on adding to our institutions. To-day, July 7, Mr. Chamberlain is enrolled in the number. Hitherto he has only been a potentiality. Now he has arrived. About him many tempests have raged; he has been the idol of partisans, the butt of opponents, a commanding figure, yet never an institution. But in our infinite sentimentality the touch has been supplied that lifts him into our imaginative Pantheon, the only one we possess. On the seventh day of the seventh month in this year of grace Mr. Chamberlain is seventy! Hitherto we knew vaguely that he was of ripe years, but he disguised it with such a fine youthful front that smiling we put the question by. Now, however, the murder is out. No matter that he did this or that, that his last great cause is presumably on the way to be enshrined with all other lost causes at Oxford, he has made a deeper appeal to the great free-trading British heart. He has burst upon us as a grand old man. The shock of realisation is too much for us. We can but throw up our caps and go out to Birmingham to acclaim him, with shawms and cymbals and wild Thracian dances. All questions of tariff and consistency may slumber while we wish him many happy returns of the day. In proper perspective with that intangible fetish the British Constitution, with the memory of Cressy, Agincourt, the Armada, Trafalgar, Waterloo, Cromwell, Nelson, Wellington, and Gladstone, the great liberties of *habeas corpus* and trial by jury, the Royal Academy, the Book of Common Prayer, *The Illustrated London News*, G. K. Chesterton, and the music of Handel, must now be set the endeared image of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. Even in their lifetime the Emperors were deified. The Emperor of West Birmingham has likewise attained his apotheosis, not by proclamation, or by his own act, but by sheer lapse of time acknowledged at a psychological moment. If he sigh to quit the ranks of youthful politicians, he will find recompense in the reflection that the Tariff Reformers, like the Home Rulers of olden time, have now their Grand Old Man. And it is not Tariff Reformers alone that will join in to-day's good wishes.

Thus the Free Trade lion lies down with the Protectionist lamb, and we advance towards the Millennium. We are all going to Heaven, and Vandeyck and Mr. Chamberlain are of the company. A great naval war rages round our coasts; Scarborough has fallen (in the height of the holiday season), and yet we are terribly at ease in Zion, recreating history at Warwick, congratulating a septuagenarian statesman at Birmingham. The technical papers, too, bring us millennial comfort. Soon, we read in an engineering journal, all ships of war will be directed by electricity from the shore, and precious lives need not be risked on the gun-deck. The fleets will be put to sea majestically, and will blow each other out of the water magnificently, and never a man be slain. War will become a mere question of cost; the shallowest purse will be the loser.

That, of course, will in the long run decide machine-made war, but the question will not be wholly the sordid one of money. The highest skill will still play its part in the struggle, and brain of engineer will grapple with brain of engineer in the sublime struggle. For the inventor seeking means to destroy his enemy's floating symbols of power will certainly devise things that can be turned to the arts of peace as well. The fighting spirit will not be eclipsed, and yet the methods of barbarism will have vanished. It will be war, but millennial war—a paradox within a paradox. The Army and Navy will be a body of designers and constructors, the actual fighting-force will be vested in person of the Commander-in-Chief or Lord High Admiral, who will do everything by the pressure of electric buttons. The subject is made for the pen of Mr. H. G. Wells (it is an infringement of the game laws for any other to touch it), and, with profound salutations, I present the idea to that agreeable wizard.

J. D. SYMON.

ART NOTES.

THE Black-and-White Room at Burlington House is more patronised than the Architectural Room, which is used only by the faint and weary as a refuge from the crowds that gather before the sensational picture of the year. But the Black-and-White Room deserves a larger attendance. Two admirable portrait etchings by Mr. William Strang are the strongest things on these restricted walls. Mr. Strang this year suffered a curious experience at the hands of the body to which he has been recently elected. As an Associate he submitted his paintings and etchings on the privileged day, which is after that upon which the great world of "outsiders" sends in its canvases. But red tape ordained that Mr. Strang must withdraw his paintings, because, although an Associate, it was on his fame as an etcher that he had been elected. How pretty an onslaught would Whistler have based upon such an episode! But Mr. Strang uses only the brush and the needle—Whistler's pen is of the past. Opposite Mr. Strang's etchings hangs a drawing in pencil by Mr. Carl J. Becker of Mr. Choate. Expression of face and figure is admirable; it is a speaking likeness, for Mr. Choate is evidently conversing with his artist, who is also an American. There is only one attitude that would have been more characteristic than this conversational one in a chair—that is the less easy one of the after-dinner speaker's, which the former American Ambassador assumed with perfect art.

An exhibition of paintings by Manet, the collection of M. Faure, of Paris, at Messrs. Sulley's Galleries in Bond Street, illustrates the progression of ideas and the changefulness of the standards of taste. Were recent history wiped out, we should find it impossible to guess that these canvases of Manet's were looked upon as wildly revolutionary when they first appeared. Thirty years of modern painting has changed Manet's position; he is no longer a rebel in paint, but the sober master of an accepted school. There is hardly a surprise, no violence done the eye, among these pictures. Here is "Le Bon Bock," looking almost conventional—not in the least outrageous; here is "Le Buteur d'Absinthe," a picture refused by the jury of the Salon in 1859, a more concise, contained, and comprehensible piece of painting than half the pictures produced in Paris to-day. Those who see Manet now for the first time must not complain that he is old-fashioned; let it be remembered that but a few years ago he was actually toppling over the established conventions of his art. Most interesting is Manet's copy of that Louvre Titian, "La Vierge au Lapin." The Frenchman has not assumed the Venetian's painting-rob; he has rather made a translation of the old master's exquisite language of the brush into his own young and very capable style.—W. M.

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To CHERBOURG Direct, by steamship "Ella," for CARENTAN, VALOGNES, BAYEUX, COUTANCES, AVRANCHES, &c., every TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY.

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To PARIS: First, 56s. 8d.; Second, 40s. 8d. To HAVRE, HONFLEUR, CAEN, or TROUVILLE: First, 41s. 8d.; Second, 31s. 8d. To ST. MALO: First, 53s. 8d.; Second, 41s. 2d. To CHERBOURG: First, 40s. 8d.; Second, 31s. 8d. To GRANVILLE: First, 52s.; Second, 39s. 6d.

EXCURSIONS from LONDON (WATERLOO) on certain days, for 14 days or less, to ST. MALO, HAVRE, 24s. 6d.; CHERBOURG, 29s. 6d.; TROUVILLE, 25s. 6d.; CAEN, 27s. 9d.; ROUEN, 28s. 6d.; ETRETAT, 29s. 2d.

Full particulars on application to Mr. T. M. Williams, Marine Superintendent, Southampton; Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E., or obtainable at the Company's Stations and Offices.

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First Class Return Tickets to Brighton from Victoria. Sundays, 11.5 a.m. and 12.15 p.m.; 1st Class 10s., Pullman 12s.; Week-days at 10.5 a.m.; Pullman 12s. Similar Tickets to Worthing.

Through train, week-days, leaves Paddington (G.W.R.) 3.40 p.m., arriving Brighton 5.17 p.m.

"SUNNY SOUTH SPECIAL" every week-day, via L. & N.W.R., leaves Liverpool 11 a.m., Manchester 11.20 a.m., Birmingham 2.0 p.m., Leamington 1.12 p.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 3.35 p.m., due at Brighton 5.5 p.m., Eastbourne 6.0 p.m.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS for the day, week-end, & 8 or 15 days to all these South Coast Resorts & the Isle of Wight.

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Through Tickets issued and Luggage Registered throughout. The Trains run alongside the Steamers at Portsmouth and Ryde, thereby enabling Passengers to step from the Train to the Steamer and vice-versa.

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Direct & Circular Tickets issued via Newhaven, Dieppe, & Rouen, comprising all places of interest in Normandy & Brittany. Week-End Tickets to Dieppe.

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HENLEY UNDER TWO ASPECTS: SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

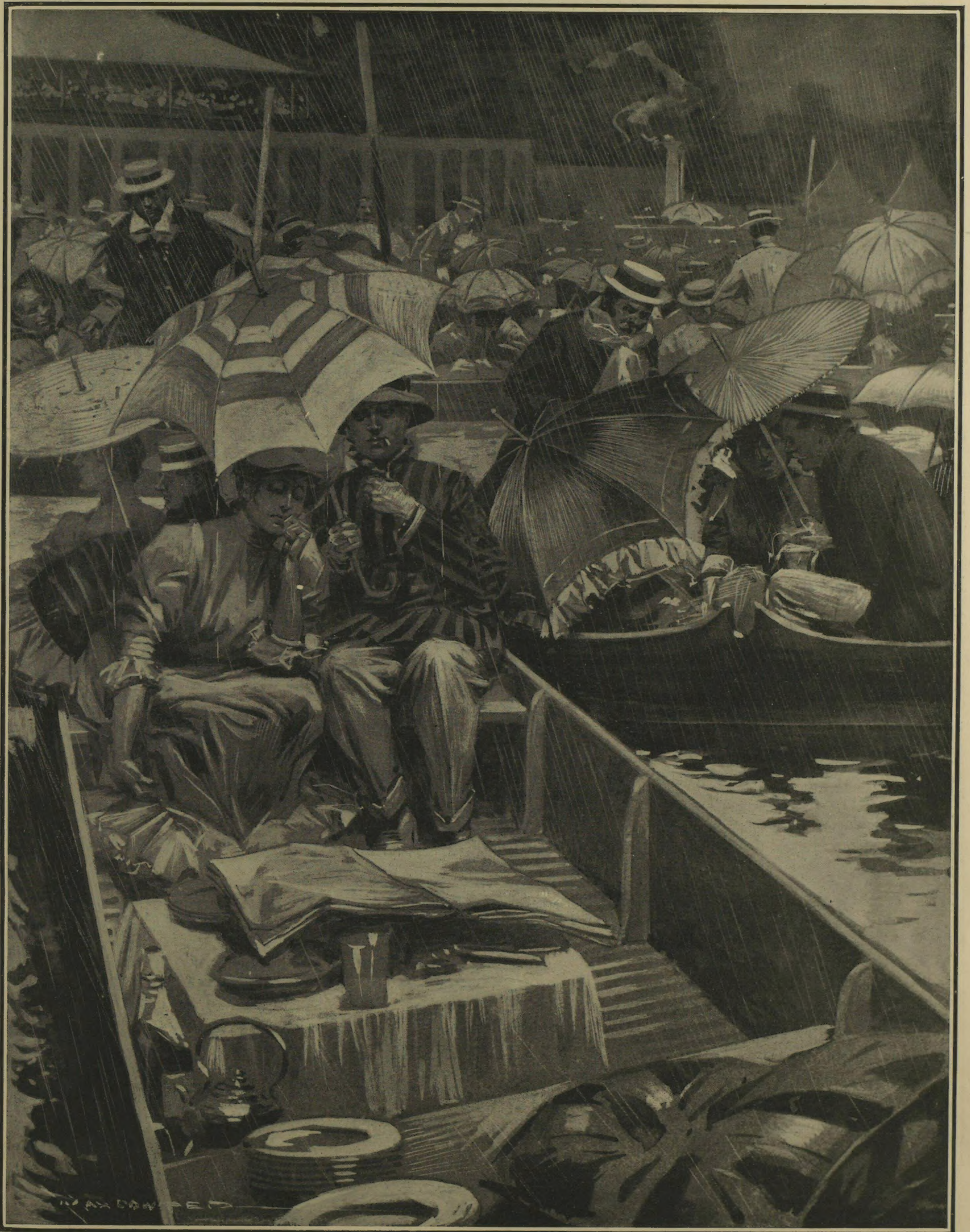
DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



THE IDEAL: SUNSHINE.

HENLEY UNDER TWO ASPECTS: SUNSHINE AND SHOWER.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



THE UNDESIRABLE: A SUDDEN SHOWER.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The Disaster at Salisbury.

A terrible railway accident took place on Sunday morning last, when the American boat express, carrying passengers from Devonport to Waterloo, was wrecked at Salisbury in the small hours of the morning. The train is said to have gone through Salisbury at a very high rate of speed, and it left the rails at a point where they curve. Twenty-seven people were killed, and twelve seriously injured, and the crash when the mail train ran into a milk-train on the down local line was heard by a policeman on night duty half-a-mile away from the station. The Board of Trade has ordered an inquiry to be held, and an inquest on the bodies of those killed in the accident was opened in the City Council Chambers at Salisbury on Monday last by the City Coroner. The railway company was represented by Sir Charles Owen, the general manager; while Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., represented the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

Portraits.

The O'Connor Don, a descendant of the Kings of Ireland, died on Saturday last at the age of sixty-six. Though he had taken little part in Irish politics for the last twenty years, he was well known and greatly esteemed in Irish political circles, and his association with O'Connell in the agitation for Roman Catholic emancipation will not be readily forgotten.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE O'CONNOR DON,
Head of the oldest Irish Sept.

Señor Manuel Garcia, whose hundredth birthday was celebrated by so many musicians and men of science some fifteen months ago, passed away quietly on Sunday last. He will be remembered not only as an accomplished musician, but as the inventor of the laryngoscope. He was born in Madrid in the year 1805, and was brother of the two famous singers Madame Malibran and Madame Viardot. Since the year 1850 he had lived in London, where his success as a teacher of singing was remarkable. He was the author of several reliable works on voice-production.

The Rev. Henry Temple, D.D., Residentiary Canon of York, and Rector of Oswaldkirk, who died on Saturday last at York, was educated at Uppingham and Brasenose College. Canon Temple was an eloquent speaker and a clever organiser, and he exercised great influence in ecclesiastical circles in the North of England. He was Honorary Canon of Ripon for sixteen years, and was the author of several works of considerable interest.

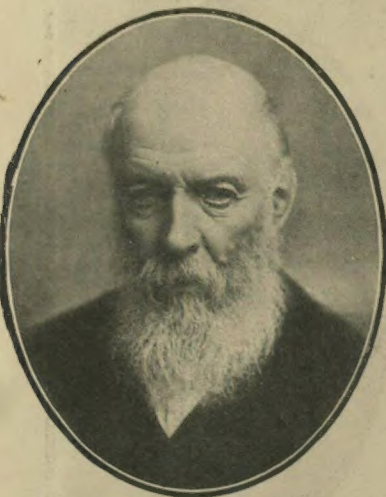


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR WILFRID LAWSON, M.P.,
Father of Local Veto.

membered best for his persistent advocacy of the temperance cause, and if his views upon the drink traffic were extreme, it may be said at least that the cause for which he worked was aided very considerably by his advocacy, because nobody could fail to see that his fanaticism was founded upon sound principles and good faith. Few men equally equipped with a sense of humour and a spirit of gaiety have been so sincere and strenuous in their work;—humour and conviction seldom run in double harness. Sir Wilfrid was a great advocate of peace and a keen humanitarian. He had the courage of his convictions, and was prepared to support them in and out of season. He sat for the Cockerthorpe Division of Cumberland from 1868 to 1900, when he suffered defeat in the Khaki Election; but he recaptured his old seat at the General Election of the present year, and his death causes a Parliamentary vacancy in the Division. He was buried on Thursday at Aspatria.

The late Colonel Mark Sever Bell, V.C., was born in Sydney, N.S.W., in 1843, and was educated at King's College. He had a distinguished career in India, being mentioned in dispatches and specially commended in

the Hazara Campaign of 1868. He obtained his V.C. in the Ashanti War, 1873-4, and served in the Burmah Expedition of 1886-7. He was a great traveller, and

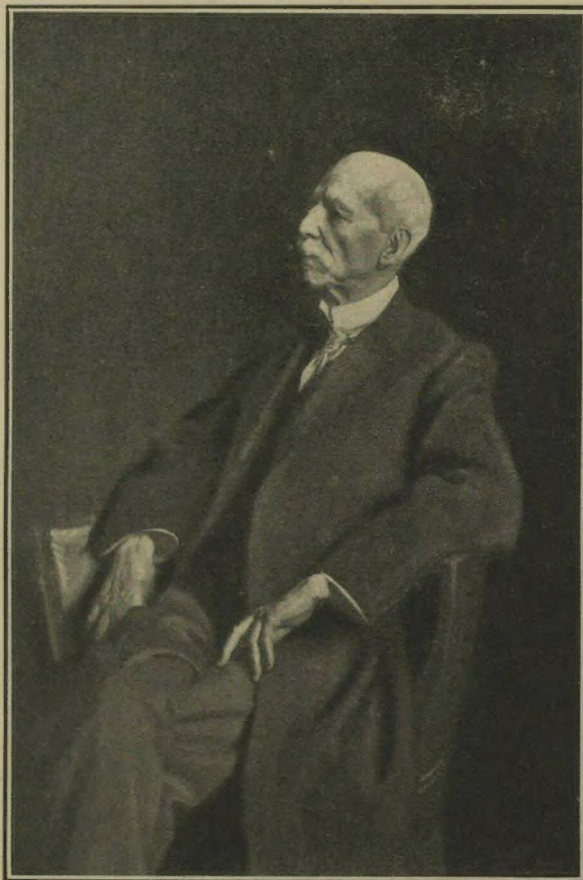


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE COLONEL MARK S. BELL, V.C.

had seen many unknown parts of the East, and his pen was on several occasions at the service of leading publications.

The Reverend Alexander Connell, M.A., B.D., who is mentioned as "Ian Maclaren's" successor, was born in 1864, and educated at Edinburgh University and the Theological College of the Free Church of



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THE LATE CENTENARIAN: MANUEL GARCIA.

From the Painting by J. S. Sargent, R.A.

Scotland. He was ordained in 1891, and has travelled in the missionary interest.

Admiral Sir Henry Chads, who died last week at Southsea, served for fifty-two years in the Navy, and was concerned in his early days with the suppression of piracy in the Straits of Malacca. He was particularly active during the Crimean War, and in the later years of his life served as Captain Superintendent of the Deptford Dock and Victualling Yards, as



Photo. Heath.

THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR HENRY CHADS,
Distinguished Naval Veteran.

Flag Officer Second in Command of the Channel Fleet, and as Commander-in-Chief at the Nore. He will be greatly missed at Portsmouth.

Birthday Honours.

In connection with his Majesty's birthday, a long list of honours and promotions was published at the end of last week. Lord Cromer was appointed to the Order of Merit, six additions were made to his Majesty's Privy Council, while six Peerages, fifteen Baronetcies, and a larger number of Knighthoods were granted. Among the new Peers the Right Honourable Leonard Courtney is perhaps the most notable figure. He is now in his seventy-fifth year, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1858, and has been Professor of Political Economy at University College, London. He entered Parliament in 1876 and joined the Liberal Government in 1880. From 1886 he was Chairman and Deputy Speaker for six years. The Right Honourable G. J. Shaw-Lefevre entered Parliament in 1862, and was Secretary to the Board of Trade in 1869. He has been Postmaster-General. The Right Honourable W. J. Pirrie was born in Quebec in 1847, and is Chairman of Messrs. Harland and Wolff. Sir J. J. Jenkins, another of the new Peers, is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Glamorganshire, and holds several high positions in South Wales. Mr. G. Armitstead, now in his eighty-second year, was a personal friend of the late Mr. Gladstone; while Mr. Beaumont is one of the most influential Liberals in the North of England. Turning to the new Privy Councillors, we notice the name of Sir J. T. Brunner, Chairman of the great house of Brunner, Mond, and Company, Sir James Kitson, sometime President of the Iron and Steel

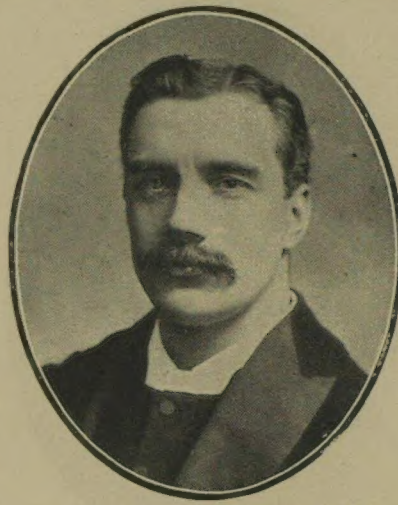


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE REV. ALEXANDER CONNELL,
Successor to Ian Maclaren.

Institute, and Dr. Robert Farquharson, who sat for West Aberdeenshire for some quarter of a century. The new Baronets include Sir Walter Lawrence, who was head of the Prince of Wales's staff during the recent Indian tour; Mr. C. E. Schwann, for many years the only Liberal representative of Manchester in Parliament; Mr. Albert Spicer, the prominent Congregationalist; Mr. W. Greenwell, of the Stock Exchange; Mr. Felix Schuster, Governor of the Union of London and Smiths Bank; and Alderman Vaughan Morgan, Lord Mayor of London. The new Knights include Mr. T. Digby Pigott, Controller of the Stationery Office; Mr. John Williams Benn, ex-Chairman of the London County Council; Mr. R. A. Hudson, chief agent of the Liberal Party; Mr. John Ward, of Leeds; Mr. F. Carruthers Gould, the well-known caricaturist; Luke Fildes, R.A.; Mr. A. M. Torrance, sometime Chairman of the London County Council; Mr. John Bamford Slack; Mr. D. Brynmor Jones, for many years Member for the Swansea District and a Bencher of the Middle Temple; Mr. T. P. Whittaker, a leading temperance reformer; and Robert Drummond Hay, our Consul-General for Syria and son of Sir John Drummond Hay, who served this country so well and so long in Morocco.

Parliament.

Mr. Ginnell was called to order for asking whether Mr. Bryce was not ashamed of the "dishonest" answers he had made to three questions. Mr. Healy and Mr. W. O'Brien assured the Chief Secretary for Ireland that three-fourths of the Irish members had no sympathy with the attack that had been made upon him. Mr.

Conor Kelly proposed that a Commission should inquire into the whole question of Congestion in Ireland, with a view to legislation. Mr. Bryce agreed that the time had come for a Royal Commission, to include not partisans, but men who would inspire general confidence. He hoped that all classes would co-operate to settle this question. Mr. Cochrane described the Land Tenure Bill on its report stage as a hotch-potch, while Sir Edward Carson called it a legal conundrum. The Government should have the measure re-drafted by experts. The Solicitor-General replied that the complications complained of were the inevitable result of legislation by reference. After three applications of the closure, Clause I. was carried by 290 votes to 74. Mr. Shackleton, a Labour Member, protested against the way in which so much time had been spent by landlord Members in discussing points which had been exhaustively dealt with in Committee. Mr. Healy asked whether, with a view to enabling Members to discuss the clauses of the Education Bill, the Government would make a few of them Peers. Nothing, replied Mr. Birrell, would give him greater gratification than to see the hon. and learned Member "in another place." Mr. Birrell personally

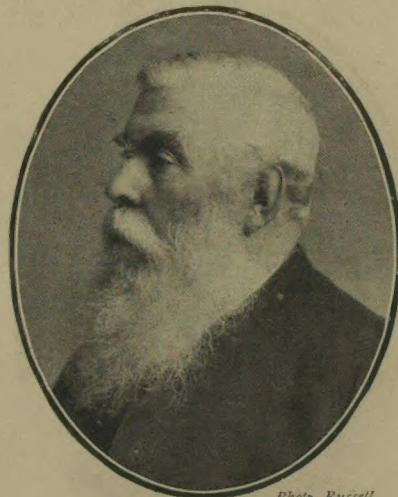


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE REV. HENRY TEMPLE,
Canon of York.

spoke for Clause VI., but announced that he would not employ Government tellers, so that in this matter the will of Members was free. He wished to protect the conscience clause and make it workable. Hitherto it had been so framed as to cast the whole burden of its enforcement upon the tender shoulders of the child, who was required to go to school armed with a document demanding an exceptional kind of treatment, and to be exposed to a good deal of sarcasm. Clause VI. as it stood was good, since it allowed opportunities for denominational teaching outside school hours at the expense of those who gave it. Mr. Dillon thought that the clause introduced Secularism by the back door after it had been put out by the front door. Mr. Walters' amendment that children who claimed exemption from the hour of religious instruction must receive during that hour some form of secular instruction which the local authority must provide, was defeated by a majority of only 16, the votes being 267 to 283. Clause VI. itself was carried by 294 to 247. Clause IV., with the "contracting-out" amendment, had been carried by 277. On the night of July 3 the



THE RECORD PRICE FOR A DOWNMAN DRAWING: 820 GUINEAS FOR "THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE."

On June 30 there were some wonderful prices current at Christie's. This drawing, by Downman, which represents John Edwin and Mary Wells in "The Agreeable Surprise," was purchased after a sharp contest by Mr. Hodgkins, of 158b, New Bond Street. The picture is reproduced by Mr. Hodgkins' kind permission.

was possible, rather than a mere mass of sound. The intelligence with which the various sections of the chorus responded to his intention must have been most gratifying,—indeed, he said as much on Saturday—and the orchestra itself did ample justice to music that will remain for all time a thing to wonder at. The soloists, too, seemed determined to do justice to a great occasion, and faced their difficulties with complete confidence, realising that only the most finished art can project the voice through the central transept at Sydenham. Special praise belongs to Miss Agnes Nicholls, Madame Kirkby Lunn, and Miss Ada Crossley, whose voices rang out so clear and pure throughout the auditorium. The veteran Charles Santley had a great reception, and Madame Albani, too, was very kindly received. Special mention should be made of Mr. Walter Hedgcock's splendid work at the organ. Throughout the festival week the Crystal Palace seemed to wake to the old musical life that flourished there in years past, when Queen's Hall and its orchestra were unknown, and the Saturday after-

cannot endure such losses as have been inflicted upon them, and that very little more fighting on Monday's scale will serve to put an end to the rebellion altogether. Sigananda and certain of his sons have been tried and found guilty, while one or two of his children were able to satisfy the authorities of their innocence. The region of present trouble lies in the eastern corner of Natal, and is known as Victoria County.

Russia Week by Week.

The news from Russia remains bad. It is no longer possible to disguise the fact that some of the regiments upon which the Tsar has been able to rely with perfect security in the past have listened at last to propaganda of the revolutionary party. Even the famous Bolkhovsky Regiment has mutinied, the first battalion of the Preobrazhensky Guards has been degraded to the rank of a special infantry battalion, and the Semenovskiy Regiment, founded by Peter the Great, is said to have incurred or to be about to incur the same punishment. The Tsar has left St. Petersburg for a cruise off the



A RECORD PRICE LAVREINCE PRINT: ONE OF THE TWO SOLD FOR 1040 GUINEAS.

The print, one of a pair, was purchased by Mr. Louis Duveen, of 21, Old Bond Street, by whose kind permission it is here reproduced. Lavreince is known in British sale-rooms only by an occasional coloured print or two.

House was stimulated by a breeze between Mr. Balfour and the Minister for Education.

The Handel Festival. Though opinions will differ about the exact artistic value of the Handel Festival, the fine quality of last week's performance at the Crystal Palace will hardly be disputed. At a time when people are inclined to doubt the advisability of performances on the largest possible scale, the festival itself has proved that the standard of choral music throughout the country has improved very considerably in the past few years, and that, whether Handel be best interpreted upon a moderate or an extravagant scale, the interpretation itself is much better than it could have been in times past. The rehearsal of last Saturday week suggested a very successful series of performances, and the promise was maintained throughout. From first to last Dr. Cowen was at his best, handling his vast force with the distinct intention of securing as great a variety of tone colour as



THE RECORD COSWAY DRAWING THAT FETCHED 1150 GUINEAS.

The Cosway, "The Fair Stepmother and Ladies of the Loftus Family," was also purchased by Mr. Hodgkins, who has permitted this reproduction.

noon concerts at Sydenham were teaching the Metropolis to enjoy the best of the world's music. The introduction of "Judas Maccabæus" in place of the time-honoured "Israel in Egypt" was a complete success, and the general impression left by the week's performances was that the Handel Festival has taken a fresh lease of life.

The Rebellion in Natal.

Although there was every reason to believe last week that the rebellion in Natal was almost at an end, and that the Government's decision to keep troops in the field might be regarded as a measure of precaution rather than one of urgent necessity, it would seem that the trouble is not yet over. Three or four thousand rebels are still in arms, and on Monday morning Colonel Barker's rear-guard was attacked outside Noodsberg by a force of about fifteen hundred men. Only the timely arrival of the main body averted a disaster, for the enemy had pushed their onslaught up to within a few yards of the rear-guard's position. Ultimately the rebels were defeated with the very heavy loss of about 600 men, some forty per cent. of their entire force. While considerable disappointment has been caused by the renewal of fighting, it is perfectly clear that the rebels



THE OTHER LAVREINCE PRINT THAT FETCHED THE RECORD PRICE.

Both the works are said to be very perfect examples of the artist's manner. Of him one of his French admirers said, "His touch is sweet and restrained, his execution full of charming detail." Mr. Duveen was the purchaser.

coast of Finland, while the Duma has moved the abolition of capital punishment amid scenes of extraordinary emotion and unrest. The Minister of the Interior has asked the Duma for the grant of a credit of £10,000,000, to be distributed over this year and next, and to be employed for the relief of 127 districts where the crops have failed. America has registered a national protest against the massacres at Bialystock, but no official representations have been made to Russia either by Great Britain or the United States. Our own Government finds itself in a difficult position, because it is engaged at present in certain extensive and delicate negotiations with the Russian Government, and the progress of the business is hampered seriously by the outrages that receive their countenance and support from the high places of St. Petersburg. It is clear that while outrage continues to be the order of the day in Russia the British public will not accept any Anglo-Russian convention. The forthcoming visit of the British Fleet to Russian ports rouses protest rather than enthusiasm in this country.



DERBY'S CROWN DERBY CASKET FOR THE KING.

The Corporation's address to his Majesty, presented on the occasion of his visit, was enclosed in this casket, which is a beautiful example of the chief industry of the city.



Photo, London Stereoscopic.

THE CITY'S GIFT TO SIR JOSEPH DIMSDALE.

The Court of Aldermen presented the cup to Sir Joseph in recognition of his services as Member for the City. It is inscribed with the resolution passed by the Court last February.



Photo. Wakefield.

THE DELUGE IN LONDON: FLOOD SCENES IN BRENTFORD.

The great rain which fell in the early hours of June 29 partly submerged the low-lying portions of the suburbs, stopped tram and train traffic, and turned many districts into small imitations of Venice. In twelve hours 2'19 inches of rainfall was recorded.

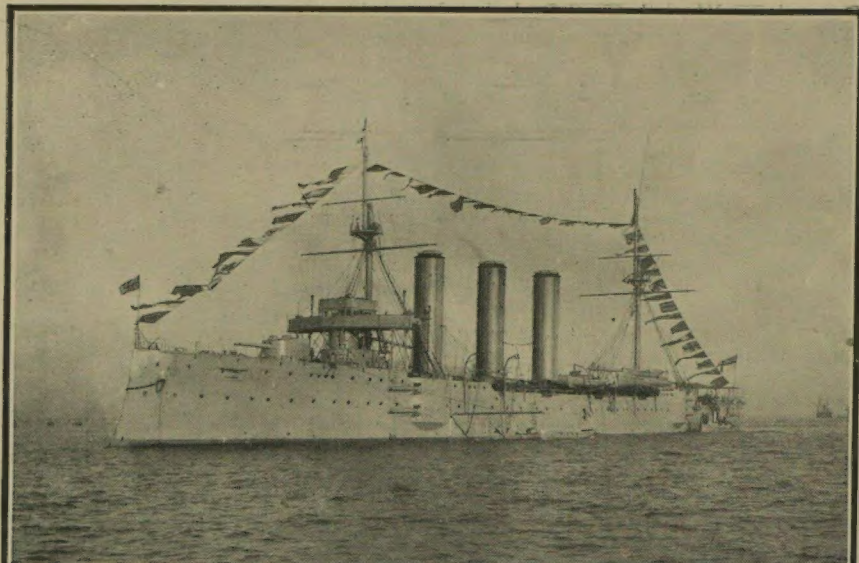


Photo. Gale and Polden.

THE SCENE OF A DISASTER AT THE MANŒUVRES: H.M.S. "ESSEX."

H.M.S. "Essex," serving with the Blue Fleet in the manœuvres, left Berehaven last Sunday. During an engagement with some destroyers an explosion occurred in the casemate of one of the 6-in. guns. One seaman was killed and four injured.



Photo. Webster.

PROF. A. R. SIMPSON,
New Knight.



Photo. Window and Grove.

MR. G. W. PALMER,
New Privy Councillor.

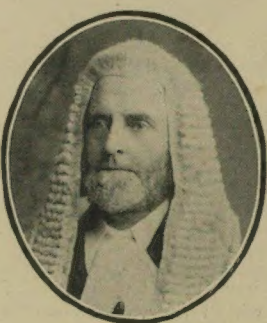


Photo. Lafayette.

LORD JUSTICE WALKER,
New Baronet.



Photo. Thomson.

MR. EDGAR SPEYER,
New Baronet.



Photo. Kirk.

MR. JOSEPH BRIGHT,
New Knight.



MR. W. BLACKETT BEAUMONT,
New Peer.



Photo. D'Arcy.

SIR CHRISTOPHER NIXON,
New Baronet.

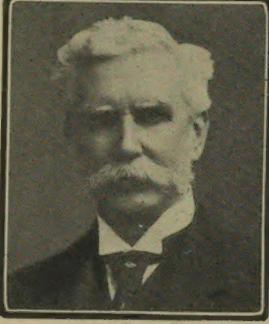


Photo. Russell.

SIR C. CLEMENTI SMITH,
New Privy Councillor.



Photo. Whitlock.

MR. W. T. G. COOK,
New Knight.

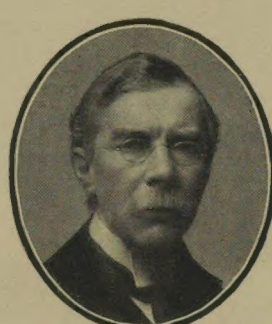
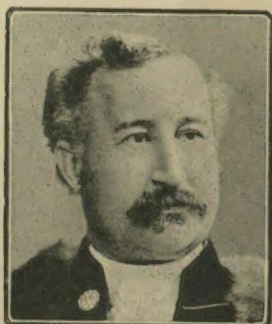


Photo. Histed.

DR. A. E. WRIGHT,
New Knight.



MR. SHERIFF SMALLMAN,
New Knight.



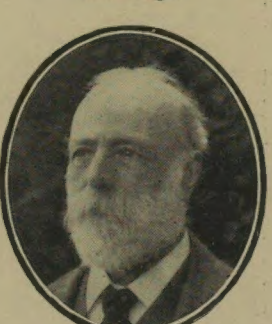
Photo. Jacollette.

MR. G. E. WELBY,
New Knight.

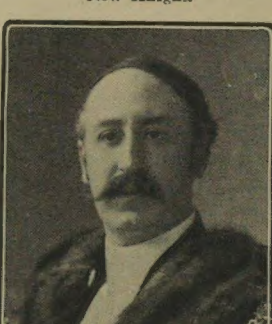


Photo. Mowell.

MR. EDWARD EVANS,
New Knight.



MR. CHARLES GOLD,
New Knight.



MR. SHERIFF BOWATER,
New Knight.

MEN WHOM THE KING HAS DELIGHTED TO HONOUR: NEW PEERS, PRIVY COUNCILLORS, BARONETS, AND KNIGHTS.

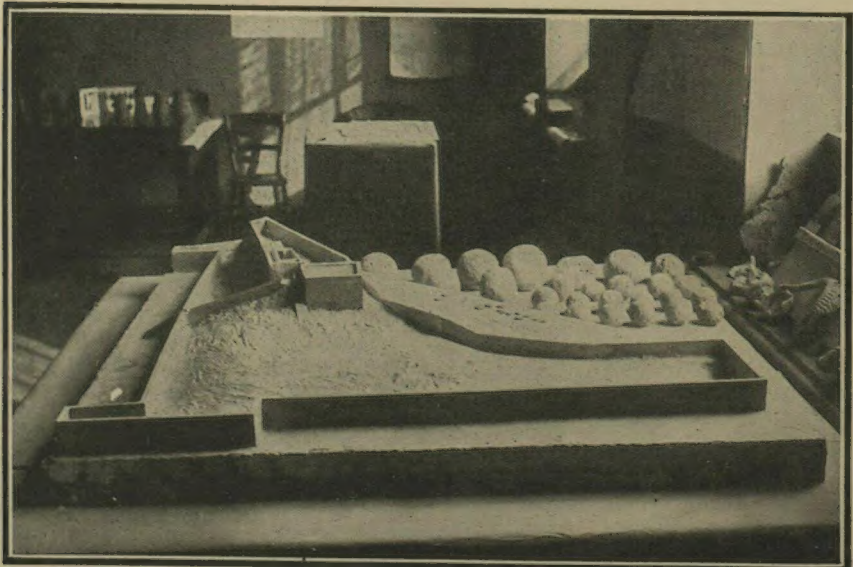


Photo. Topical.

JERUSALEM IN EGYPT: PROFESSOR FLINDERS PETRIE'S DISCOVERIES.

At the exhibition at University College, Professor Petrie is showing a model of the town and temple of the High Priest Onias. Onias fled from persecution into Egypt about 150 B.C., and founded the town about twenty miles north of Cairo. It was a copy of the Temple hill of Jerusalem.



Photo. Half Tones.

ROUEN AT HASTINGS: THE MUNICIPAL "ENTENTE CORDIALE."

Last year a party of representatives from Hastings visited Rouen, and this year Hastings has returned the hospitality of the Norman city. The visit lasted from June 22 to July 2, and an elaborate programme of excursions and entertainments was carried out. Our photograph was taken at a reception given by the Mayor and Corporation.

THE JOYEUSE POST.

By ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD.



Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

COLONEL Bouchier's guests were listening with easy tolerance to a thrice-told tale. "So there he was," he said, waving one hand towards his son, who sat silent and uncomfortable, "with twenty men at his back against a whole battalion. 'Give up your sword, Sir,' cries the French officer. 'Come and take it, Sir,' shouts Jack. And they beat the French off, they did—licked 'em hollow, though the odds were a score to one. Young Capern told me about it, or I'd never have known. He wouldn't tell me a word, though he is my only boy. Not a word, I assure you, for love or money. Are your boys like that, Abbott?"

"Wish they were," chuckled Mr. Abbott huskily, as he helped himself from the great punch-bowl, round which plumed mandarins in green and red and yellow waltzed already before his eyes. "Egad, since they've come back I can't get in a word edgewise about crops and cattle. 'Tis the war, and the Army, and Wellington, and the French, till I'm sick of the very sound of 'em."

"Do you hear that, Jack, you young dog?" cried his father, clapping a hand affectionately on his son's shoulder. "Don't wriggle when I touch you, Sir. Why can't you tell me what you've done, without leaving me to find out? He's two great faults, gentlemen, that I want to break him of. He's taciturn, that's one; and he can't take his liquor like a gentleman—or won't. Ever know a Bouchier prefer water when punch is going, except Jack? I'd have been tempted to think the lad a milksop, if Capern—Well, Daniel, what is it?"

"Please, Zur," said Daniel Weekes, who had just knocked and entered, "a post-chaise be broke down in the mud, and a gentleman be axing for an inn. I told un of Mrs. Blackmore's, down to the village, but her's full, and—"

"Excuse me, gentlemen. Jack, do the honours," said Colonel Bouchier, hurrying out. He returned in five minutes, ushering in the belated traveller. "Go on, Sir?" he cried hospitably. "Why, you can't go on a night like this. Gentlemen, let me introduce Captain Sanders of the —th Regiment. General Down, Mr. Trefusis, Mr. Abbott"—he introduced the company. "And my son, in the service too, Sir. What's the matter, Jack? Cold, eh? Daniel, you doiled old vule," he shouted at the servant who was waiting for orders, "shut thiccy door—and—hi! wait a minute!—bring another glass. You must do me the honour of staying here to-night, Captain Sanders. You'll never get to your destination in a storm like this. We can hear the wind and the rain in here, and these gentlemen are all staying. The night's as black as ink, too, isn't it?"

The new-comer was looking at Jack, and did not answer. The room waited. Captain Sanders pulled himself together with a little start.

"I beg your pardon, Sir? Yes, it's dark enough. Couldn't see beyond the rumps of the horses. Oh, yes—pitch dark."

Colonel Bouchier coughed. He had a quick temper, and his guest's absentness seemed to savour of discourtesy. The man's appearance and manner, too, compared unfavourably with those of his host and fellow-guests. Even Abbott, though his face was blotched and purpled with lax living, had the look and carriage of a gentleman. Sanders was thick-set, coarse-featured; his voice was harsh and abrupt; his black eyebrows, nearly meeting, added something almost sinister to a face otherwise sufficiently commonplace.

Colonel Bouchier's irritation passed almost instantly. "From your rank and regiment, Sir," he said genially, "I imagine you may have served in the Peninsular campaigns. It is an honour to shelter—but there, I'm in a quandary. If I say a word in commendation of the men who won those glorious victories, and drove the French back across the Pyrenees, I place myself in the difficult position of applauding my own son. But I noticed you eyed him curiously just now. Pardon my remarking it: is it possible, Sir, that you have met him at the front?"

Sanders, with the excuse ready at hand, stared point-black at Jack Bouchier for a long half-minute. A grandfather's clock in the room ticked out the seconds slowly. The young man's colour rose under the rudeness of the scrutiny. Again Colonel Bouchier checked the irritable cough, but his brows puckered.

"Damme, Jack," whispered old Abbott, "if he don't know you now, he means to another time."

Captain Sanders broke the silence at last. "Yes, Sir. I met him—for a few minutes, I believe."

"Really, now? Really? And do you remember, Jack?"

"I think—I believe, Sir, that I have met Captain Sanders."

"Well, well; you've a chance to grow better acquainted. Where was it, eh? The Pyrenees? Not—but no, there wasn't a Captain there. Jack was in command. In the Pyrenees, you say?"

"Yes, Sir," said Sanders, still eyeing the lad. "At a place we know as the Joyeuse Post, Sir."

"And what happened there, now? A fight? An affair of outposts, eh? Come, Jack."

General Down set his glass on the table. "Joyeuse?" he said reflectively. "Let me think. I flatter myself that very little in the six campaigns escaped my notice. Don't tell me. Yes, there was an affair near the Joyeuse River. I recollect—"

He drew back into his shell suddenly, as Sanders, ignoring him, and still eyeing Jack, answered his host's

"I don't recall hearing it, Sir. I congratulate you on your son." He paused. "Very interesting," he added drily, still staring at Jack Bouchier.

"Interesting, egad! I beg your pardon; oh, I beg your pardon." Colonel Bouchier spluttered, and dipped his arched old nose suddenly in the glass. There was an awkward silence in the room. The visitor's frigid manner cast a chill over the jollity of the party. They broke up to go to their rooms.

"We've been obliged to put you in the old part of the house, Sir," said Colonel Bouchier to his guest. "I hope you'll be comfortable. I don't suppose the noise of the sea'll disturb anyone who's been under shot and shell. Jack, you'll see Captain Sanders to his room?"

Jack took two candles from the hall, and preceded Sanders through the corridor that led to the most ancient part of Hole House. The guest's room jutted out from the main building to the cliff edge. Spray, on those wild winter nights, often flecked the glass in its barred windows; gulls circled round, mewing dismally; at each charge of the seas a shudder ran through the cliff and shook the time-worn walls.

The interior of the room, however, was cosy enough. A fire glowed cheerfully in the grate; red curtains shut out the dark, tempestuous night; a faint scent of lavender, drawn from the sheets by the warming-pan that had just been passed between them, was in the air. Jack set one of the candles on the press. As he turned, the man faced him, with eyes very hard and significant.

"Well?" he said coldly, and waited.

Jack dropped his eyes, but raised them again almost instantly. The fingers of one hand sought unconsciously for the fringe of the press-cover, and played with it. The two stood for a few seconds, eyeing each other by the candle-light, in dead silence, save for the shrieking of the wind, the hiss and rattle of the rain, and the sea-thunder, that sounded like memories of old wars. Jack still held the second candle, which cast their dancing shadows on the wall.

"'Tis a strange chance that's brought me to this house," said Sanders, at last. "I need not ask if you remember our last meeting."

Jack put his hand to his brow. "Yes, I think—I remember."

"You think you remember? Come, Sir, you have an easy memory, then, or perhaps you have played traitor too often to load your memory with such a trifle?"

"Played traitor?" Jack's face, guilty and despondent, suddenly hardened; his eyes flashed. "What do you mean?"

"What I say. Jog that memory of yours, Sir—jog it, or shall I jog it for you? Let me see. It was in the Pyrenees, near a little river called Joyeuse. You remember? A misty night—

raw mist, very cold, veiling the mountains. A stone picquet-house—

French—oh, you know that. Now, perhaps, you'll remember a British prisoner, caught while attempting to cross the neutral ground, being dragged into that picquet-house. You do remember? My God, you should! And in the room there, sitting with the French officer, drinking his wine—drunk, or pretending to be drunk—"

"Pretending? Drunk enough, heaven knows!" He moved his free hand with a gesture of despair. "Ah, haven't I tried to forget that night! Haven't I repented bitterly enough! And now—"

"It's a strange thing, then, that chance should bring me here, to find you bragging about your deeds. That looks little enough like repentance. And you flash out at me when I call you a traitor—"

"There was no treason! A traitor? It was bad enough—a folly, a sin, a crime—but not that. I admit I was in the French lines. We were half-starved then, and the French had plenty. Oh, I know it's no excuse. But the officers of each side grew friendly, being so long together, and—"

"Oh, you needn't tell me that. You were there by invitation. And blabbed our passwords and countersigns. Yes, you did. Oh, I didn't hear you—no—but I saw you there. And that night the French attacked. They had taken me back to the rear by then, but I heard the firing; and weeks after, when I was free, I learned that my brother was among the killed that night. I put two and two together, Sir, and kept that face of yours in my memory."

Jack stood silent a minute. "I deny the treason," he broke out hotly at last. "That's a lie; and if you ask satisfaction—"



"Perhaps you'll remember a British prisoner... being dragged into that picquet-house."

question in cold, deliberate tones. "This was not during an engagement, Sir. We met at the quarters of some common"—he hesitated a moment, as if for a word—"acquaintances."

"Ah! Now, I'm very glad to have met you, Sir, because possibly you may throw some light on a little story I've heard from somebody who was present." His eyes rested affectionately on his son. "Did you happen to hear of an encounter between twenty men, led by a Lieutenant, in which—"

Behind the shelter of his glass Abbott winked slowly at Parson Trefusis. "Dear old boy!" he muttered. "He's at it again!"

"In which," continued Colonel Bouchier, "a regiment—a battalion of Johnny Craps—"

"Father!" pleaded Jack. "I beg, Sir, it won't interest Captain Sanders—"

"Hold your tongue, Sir!" cried his father. "Am I to be shouted down by you—in my own house? Damme, I'll make no secret of it, if you do. As I was saying, Captain Sanders, the French officer came up. . . ."

The tale went on to its close, scarcely a word altered. "Had you heard of that, Sir? No doubt it was spoken of in the messes?"

"I do. Not the satisfaction you mean, though. I want the satisfaction of hearing what your father and his guests say when they hear that you were seen in a French picquet-house, drinking with a French officer, an hour before the British were attacked."

"Oh, not that!" cried Jack, almost involuntarily. "That—or this alternative. You leave here. You go away—make away with yourself, if you like: I don't care. If you're here to-morrow when I come down, I'll let your father and his guests make their own deductions from the facts that you can't deny. I'm sorry for him, I admit. I'm sorry I'm a guest in his house. But I'd let my revenge go too cheap for a night's lodging that's worth, perhaps—he looked round—"a crown-piece. Perhaps I haven't the finer feelings of a gentleman, Sir; I've risen from the ranks, and don't mind owning it. That's all I have to say to you. Think it over in your room."

Jack stood gulping for a second or two; then, turning on his heel, went to his own bedroom across the passage.

The misty Pyrenean night had already been dearly paid for. For months, British and French had been watching each other, the rival sentries sometimes within ten yards. In spite of regulations, officers and soldiers alike fraternised with their neighbours. The British were half-starved, while the French had wine and food and tobacco in abundance. They proved generous foes. It was no uncommon thing for an English officer to leave his wooden canteen on the neutral ground and find it filled with wine by some acquaintance holding Napoleon's commission.

Jack had made friends in this way with an officer, who one night invited him to the French picquet-house for a drink, a smoke, and a snatched meal. He was cold, half-starved; but chiefly the novelty and risk of the experience appealed to him. He would only stay a few minutes, it would be something to brag about afterwards, perhaps, to other wild young subalterns. But the warmth of the fire, the grateful comfort of Roussillon wine, made him spin out his visit. His recollections were vague and confused; but clear enough in his memories stood the face that had again confronted his own—the harsh, dark face with the brows so nearly meeting.

He remembered nothing of what happened after the prisoner's departure, until that terrible moment when he woke from a half-drunken slumber, and found himself alone. Outside, the sound of heavy firing brought him to his senses. He staggered out, drawing his pistol. In the raw darkness he rushed at the nearest grey-coat—just having wit enough to see the wide worsted "wings" that marked the man out as an enemy. The Frenchman fell; but at the same moment Bouchier received a sword-cut that knocked him senseless. By the time that he was ready to see service again, grimmer fighting occupied the attention of his comrades.

He thought over all this now, as he sat miserably enough on his bed. He was sure he had said nothing. Why, there was nothing he knew—nothing he could have betrayed. But he realised very acutely the hopeless position in which Sanders could place him on the morrow. A too vivid imagination constructed the whole scene. He could hear his old father's snort of contempt and disbelief. "Jack, give the fellow the lie, my boy. I'll believe you. You, in the French lines during an engagement!"

What could he say? The truth? What construction would naturally be placed on his admission, even by those who least wished to believe ill of him? And his father's guests, the men who had heard all his father's tales about his achievements, winked at each other at the dear old fellow's pride in his only boy.

Oh, it was unendurable. He could not face the situation. Yet what could he do?

"Go away." Leave his home, leave his friends, leave the countryside that was so dear to him after the parched mountains, the raw nights, the scenes of license and horror that homely and pleasant sights were only just beginning to blot out. "Or make away with yourself—I don't care." No doubt that steel-hearted enemy in the room across the passage was lying awake now, listening, wondering what choice he would make, hugging his vengeance for his brother's death. And death seemed the best and only course. It could look like an accident after all; there would be no need of explanations, as there must be if he left home. His father would bear clean sorrow better than disgrace.

He sat thinking for a long time, and saw no other way. He opened the drawer in which he kept his pistol; but a better means occurred to him.

He had the long night before him. It would be time enough when sullen morning broke after the storm. In the meantime he thought over all the incidents of his past life—all the sad and happy memories—boyish days, when his mother was alive; bathes in the blue sea on golden mornings; long rambles on the heather-clad hills; chats with villagers at cottage doors, or in orchards where sheep wandered under gnarled and twisted fruit-trees; ah, how he had looked forward to another Devon-summer! He thought of the day when he donned his first uniform, and measured his brand-new sword against his father's battered blade. A sorry ending to his life, this; and yet the only ending possible.

The sound of the stable clock made itself heard above the swishing rain and turmoil of the sea. Time was passing, and there was much to be done. He went through his letters and papers, setting them in order, destroying some; yet keeping sufficient trace of disorder

to mask his intention. He came across a diary he had kept during the war. After that night at Joyeuse the pages were left blank. He paced the room, wondering whether to invent deeds of prowess that should bring proud tears to his father's eyes in after days. No, no; what was written should remain; and after that, nothing but bald truth. He put a simple note against the Joyeuse date, "Brush with French; slightly wounded." He was paying dearly enough to make that entry. And, afterwards, there was nothing to conceal, nothing to be ashamed of. Briefly and baldly, he scribbled in the main facts of his engagements. The storm had nearly spent itself when he had finished. Bouchier washed, and turned down his bed as if it had been slept in. It was his habit to go for a short stroll in the early morning, before the house was stirring. He put on a heavy coat, and went out quietly into the open air. It was still raining slightly, and the sea thundered still at the foot of the cliffs. He looked over the edge at the seething foam far below. A slip would be so easily explained. But he shuddered at the jagged rocks and the swirl of waters that had so often filled him with delight. Not yet—oh, not just yet. He would see the sullen glory of another sunrise, his last, and then—

He watched the cloudy purples and golds mass themselves and disperse. He saw the sun rise in red anger. He saw the light spreading over the green headlands, and the naked trees marching, like a hungry

a startled cry, Sanders stretched out his hands to ward off the threatened death. The beam was dropping across the bed. Bouchier pressed his shoulder under it, while the other man, half asleep, tried instinctively to shield himself. Their joint efforts could scarcely have kept it from falling for many minutes. The faces of the two men were close together. Suddenly Sanders realised who had come to help him.

"Let go, let go," he muttered churlishly, "I don't want to take my life from you"; but his own arms did not relax their efforts to keep back the falling beam. "Let go, I say! I'll help myself—or go without help." But the protest was half-hearted. Bouchier, ignoring it, shouted for assistance. Already the uproar had roused Weekes and the other servants; they held the beam until the two were extricated.

By this time Colonel Bouchier and his guests, in all varieties of wraps and night-gear, were hurrying from their rooms. Sanders turned aside to Bouchier, while the servants were busy placing stays under the beam, to prevent it from dragging down the wall that was still intact. "Well, you've bought my silence," he said grudgingly.

Jack set his lips, without answering. His father hurried up, and listened excitedly to the servants' story; Sanders confirmed it.

"Yes, Sir. Your son saved my life. I have to thank him for that."

But as Colonel Bouchier and his guests pressed forward with their congratulations, Jack stepped back, very pale.

"One minute, Sir," he said. "Captain Sanders had a secret to tell you this morning. I want you to hear his story."

All eyes turned to the man who had just been rescued. "Well, what is it, Sir? Come, out with it! Out with this story!" cried his host, as he hesitated. "Damme, Sir, I don't like mysteries."

"I have nothing to say, Sir," mumbled Captain Sanders.

And then, before all—before his father's guests, before the servants—Jack blurted out the story of the Joyeuse Post. Perhaps it was sudden impulse; perhaps it was common-sense born of daylight and the sane, crisp morning air; perhaps the determination not to accept, even for a moment, their guest's grudging gift of silence. He told everything, save the alternative given him, which he had intended to accept. But when he came to the imputations on his honour, Colonel Bouchier snorted angrily. "Captain Sanders, if you thought that—if you made my son think it for a moment—"

"Wait a moment. Let me speak, Bouchier," interrupted General Down. "Your son's a brave lad, and we don't need proofs that he didn't betray his country. But to satisfy him and Captain Sanders, I'll prove it impossible."

"I shall be glad if you can, Sir," said Sanders.

"I can and will, Sir. If you hadn't interrupted me last night when I was speaking about this Joyeuse affair, I'd have cleared this maggot from your brain then. Egad, haven't I followed every detail of the six campaigns? It will surprise you to learn—but I'll ask you one question, Captain Sanders. What time were you in the picquet-house, and how soon after that did you hear the firing?"

"I should imagine I was there about nine o'clock, Sir. The firing began an hour later."

"Yes. Well, the English attacked—the English, mind, not the French—at ten o'clock. And our officers only knew half an hour before. Did you ever hear of 'stone chatters'? The British sentries at Joyeuse and in the pass kept in touch by knocking stones together; two slow knocks meant 'All's well'; three sharp knocks brought up the picquet. Our attack was so sudden that the first shots were fired three minutes after the last signal had passed along the line of outposts. Hill

told me about it himself. Does that satisfy you? The lad had no business in the picquet-house. I'm not excusing that. I'm not excusing his being drunk in the enemy's lines, though he's done his level best to wipe out the disgrace of that. But treason? Treachery? I'm an old man, Sir, but unless you withdraw your suggestions I'll call you out myself for reflecting on the honour of a gentleman, and an officer, and the son of my old friend and host!"

"And I'll be proud to second you, General," cried old Abbott.

"Well, Sir, what have you to say?" asked Colonel Bouchier, glaring at his guest like an angry Dartmoor bull. "Of all the—but there; there, you're my guest, and it's my house that's fallen about your ears. Finish your dressing, and come in to breakfast; but take this from me first—that a traitor and a coward wouldn't have saved your life; and wouldn't have let out what he might have kept secret to his dying day; and wouldn't have beaten off a French battalion; and—and—"

"And wouldn't have stuck to water when punch was going," added Parson Trefusis.

"No, egad!" said Abbott huskily. "That's more courage than I have—or hope to have."

Sanders muttered something about withdrawing his words.

"Better withdraw himself as well," growled Abbott.

He followed the advice directly he was dressed. A few minutes later, Jack, with the load of months off his mind, and the night's folly robbed of its sting and at last self-forgiven, went in to breakfast, with his father's arm tucked into his.

THE END.



He saw the sun rise in red anger.

army, out of the darkness on the horizon. The sea changed from blood-red to green and blue.

Soon the house would be stirring. He crept round to his father's house, and stood below it until his eyes were filling and a lump rose in his throat. He must hurry now. The slippery grass, the loose mud of the cliff-edge, would explain all. He went to the rim and deliberately scored out marks as of sliding boots and clutching fingers. Would instinct force any cry from him as he went over? Should he shout before, to prove the accident of his death? He paused a moment, and then, quite suddenly, a noise like thunder made him turn his head.

He sprang back involuntarily. The cliff was falling! He half laughed at himself, that in such a moment, when he had made up his mind to take his life—and would have taken it—the habit of self-preservation should prove so powerful. But nature and the night's storm had given him an explanation better than any he could devise. The edge of the cliff where he had been standing only a few seconds back lay a hundred feet below. He had only to jump with the earth and pebbles that still rattled and leapt down into the gulf.

And then an ominous rumble of the earth farther along the cliff arrested him. The house was going! The room in which Sanders was sleeping jolted out to the very cliff-edge; part of the ancient wall swayed—sagged out—and fell in a cloud of dust. When the smoke had cleared partially away he saw the interior of the room open to the day—and a heavy oak beam in the ceiling was slowly, very slowly, bending under the weight which it now had to support.

Bouchier, scarcely thinking, ran forward, as, with

THE KING'S PATRONAGE OF OUR AUSTRIAN MUSICAL VISITORS.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



Princess Christian.

The King.

Duchess of Sparta.

Daughters of Princess Christian.

THE KING AT THE CONCERT GIVEN BY THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY AT THE ALBERT HALL, JUNE 30:
THE ROYAL BOX DURING THE PLAYING OF THE AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

On Saturday last his Majesty the King attended the concert given at the Albert Hall by the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, under the direction of Herr Franz Schalk. The entire proceeds of the concert were divided between the King Edward's Hospital Fund and the Austro-Hungarian Francis Joseph Institute. The King arrived early and stayed till the end, when the Austrian and British National Anthems brought a very interesting performance to a close. British and Austrian charities and lovers of fine music are the better for the visit of Herr Schalk's fine orchestra.

THE KING'S GREAT DAY AT DERBY.

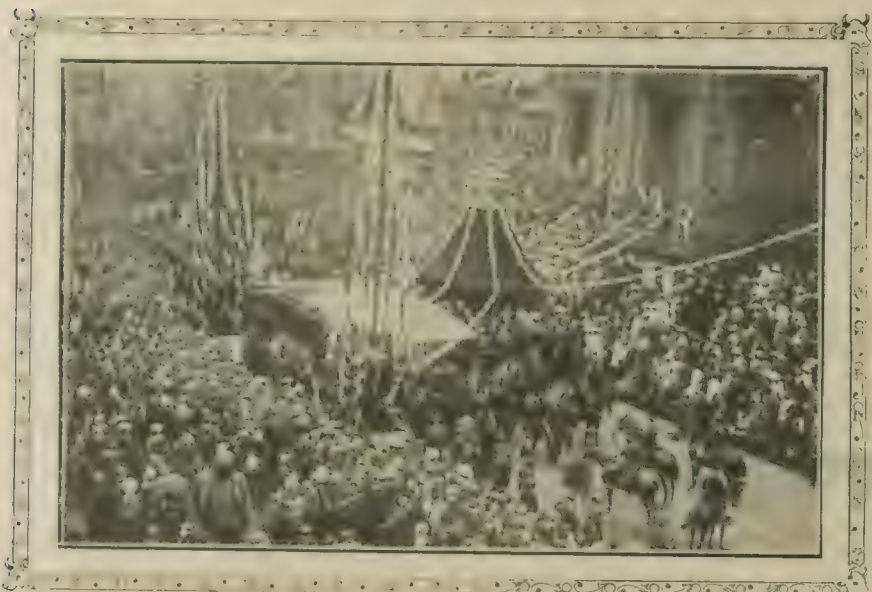


THE KING INSPECTING CRIMEAN AND MUTINY VETERANS.



Mrs. Milne.

MRS. MILNE, CRIMEAN HOSPITAL NURSE, PRESENTED TO THE KING.



THE MAYOR OF DERBY PRESENTING THE ADDRESS TO HIS MAJESTY AT THE TOWN HALL.



THE KING SALUTING QUEEN VICTORIA'S STATUE.



THE KING ABOUT TO REPLY TO THE ADDRESS OF THE CORPORATION.



THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW.

On June 28 his Majesty the King visited the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at Derby, leaving St. Pancras at half-past nine in the morning and arriving at the Show yard about three hours later. Before proceeding to lunch King Edward inspected some 170 Crimean and Indian Mutiny veterans drawn from the counties of Derby and Nottingham, and accepted a rose from an old lady named Mrs. Milne, who accompanied her husband to the Crimea. On the road from the station his Majesty's procession halted at the top of St. Peter's Street, where a statue of Queen Victoria, the gift of Sir Alfred Haslam to the town, has been erected. The donor was presented to King Edward, who pulled the silken cord and unveiled the statue amid the cheers of a large crowd.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS; BY CHADWICK AND ALLEN, AND BY BOYLS.]

OUR KINGLY FARMER AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY'S SHOW AT DERBY.

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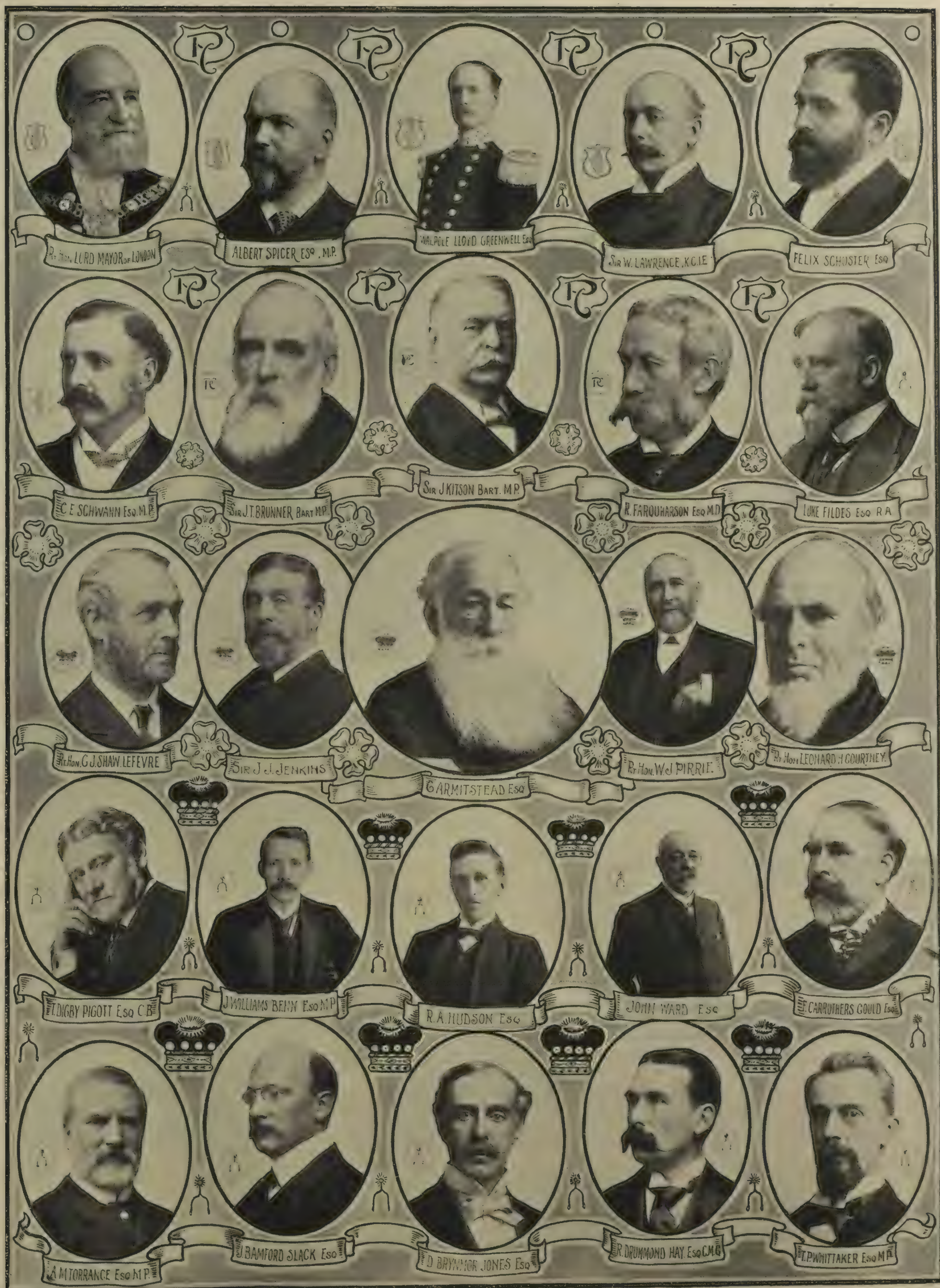
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JULY 7, 1906.—13



HIS MAJESTY INSPECTING THE SUFFOLK SHEEP.

On June 28 the King went to Derby, where his Majesty visited the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, which has once more begun to hold its meetings in the provinces. The show was a magnificent success, and the King's presence greatly helped to restore the old prestige, which the unfortunate Park Royal experiment seemed to have endangered.

MEN WHOM THE KING DELIGHTS TO HONOUR.



THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: NEW PEERS, PRIVY COUNCILLORS, BARONETS, AND KNIGHTS.

In each case the degrees are distinguished by their own symbol: the Peers by their coronet, the Privy Councillors by the monogram "P.C.," the Baronets by the bloody hand, and the Knights by the spur.

THE CENTRES OF INTEREST IN EGYPT AND SPAIN.

BORDER DESIGNS BY A. HUGH FISHER.



THE SCENE OF THE MURDER:
DENSRAWI VILLAGE.



THE FIRST BATCH OF PRISONERS PASSING THE
BRITISH CAMP.



THE EGYPTIAN POLICE CONVEYING
PRISONERS TO TRIAL.



THE COURT OF INQUIRY ON
FIFTY PRISONERS.

AHE

THE HAND OF JUSTICE ON THE EGYPTIAN MURDERERS.

Our pictures here deal with the tragic occurrence at Denshaw, in Egypt, where the British officers who sought to vary the monotony of a march by indulging in pigeon-shooting were attacked by villagers with such disastrous results. Though many may regret the severity of the sentences, it is well to remember that less severity would have been misinterpreted.



THE ROYAL EXCURSION TO PUERTO
DEL REVENTON.



THE KING TAKING LUNCH AT PUERTO
DEL REVENTON.



THE KING AND QUEEN ENTERING THE CHAPEL
AT LA GRANJA.



THE CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION IN THE
GARDENS OF LA GRANJA.

Photos. Underwood.

THE SPANISH ROYAL HONEYMOON: COUNTRY EXCURSIONS.

Although the King and Queen of Spain were compelled by the exigencies of Court etiquette to wait a long time for their honeymoon, they appear to have enjoyed the deferred holiday immensely. They have gained the confidence of all their subjects by the courage with which they have gone about among their people.

WRECKAGE OF THE PLYMOUTH BOAT-EXPRESS AT SALISBURY.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU; ONE BY TOPICAL PRESS.



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DÉBRIS: CLEARING THE LINE



THE OVERTURNED ENGINE OF THE EXPRESS: THE UNDER WORKS.



THE COACH WHERE MOST VICTIMS PERISHED: REMAINS OF THE DINING-CAR.



THE EXPRESS ENGINE AND ITS TWISTED BUFFER-BOARD.



HOISTING THE WRECKED ENGINE OFF THE TRACK.

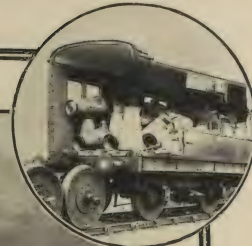
On another page we have described the mad career of the engine. When it finally came to rest, the machine and the tender lay on their sides in the shape of a V, the wheels pointing outwards towards the parapet of the bridge they had narrowly escaped jumping. The milk-train into which the express crashed lay in splinters, the milk-cans twisted out of all shape. Even the express corridor-carriages, which often resist collisions, were smashed to atoms.

THE TENDER OF THE WRECKED EXPRESS ENGINE.

AN EXPRESS TURNED TO MATCHWOOD: WRECK OF THE PLYMOUTH BOAT-TRAIN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS AND ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.

A VAN OF THE MILK-TRAIN SMASHED BY THE EXPRESS.



THE WRECKAGE-STREWN LINE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

THE SPLINTERED REMAINS OF A CORRIDOR-CAR.

A special boat-train, carrying forty-seven passengers from the liner "New York," left Devonport at half-past eleven on Saturday night. The liner was too late to connect with the ordinary express, but a special train, made up of three corridor carriages, a guard's van and kitchen, was put on for the convenience of those passengers who wished to go on to London at once. At five minutes to two a.m., as the train was running through Salisbury at a speed of about sixty miles an hour, the engine, for some unexplained reason, left the rails. It first crashed into and

wrecked a milk-train, then rebounded and struck an engine which was standing on another line, and finally, turning turtle, the engine and tender came to rest in the middle of the ploughed-up metals. The coaches were smashed to matchwood. Only the guard's van of the express escaped. The accident took place on a bridge crossing Fisherton Street, Salisbury, and only the strong parapet prevented the fall of the train into the roadway. Twenty-seven passengers were killed and twelve injured. Nearly all the victims were Americans.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF ONE OF THE CORRIDOR-CARS.

HERE AND THERE WITH CAMERA AND NOTE-BOOK.



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

HELD UP BY LACK OF WATER: THE BLOCK IN THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL.

The block in the Manchester Ship Canal was caused by the s.s. "Cassia's" collision with the lock-gates at Irlam, near Manchester. The vessel carried the gates away and caused the water in the upper reaches to escape. The water fell sixteen feet and delayed twenty-three ships.



Photo. Fall.

A DUCHESS JUDGING A QUEEN'S DOGS: THE DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE JUDGING BORZOIS AT THE SHOW OF THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION.

The Ladies' Kennel Association held its show in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park, last week, when 1200 dogs were entered. The Duchess of Newcastle judged the Borzois and the fox-terriers. The Queen's "Vassilka" was one of the winners in the former section.



THE WOODEN TRACK FOR THE FRENCH GORDON BENNETT: SISZ ON HIS RENAULT.



THE BOARDED-UP COURSE TO PROTECT FOOT-PASSENGERS.



THE RENARD MOTOR-TRAIN ON THE COURSE.



Photos. Topical Press.

SISZ, THE WINNER, TURNING A CORNER OF THE BOARDED COURSE.

CURIOSITIES AND PRECAUTIONS AT THE FRENCH GORDON BENNETT RACE.

The motor Grand Prix was run last week in France on a course covering a circuit of about sixty-four miles. There were thirty-four entries, twenty-five being French; the other competing motors came from Germany and Italy. On the first day Sisz came in first on a 105 h.-p. Renault, and he succeeded in holding his place and winning over a distance of 750 miles at an average pace of sixty-one miles an hour. The race started on Tuesday and finished on Wednesday. Nazzaro finished second, and Clement was third. All competitors had to effect their own repairs, and this proviso lent an added interest to the contest.

YOUNG NORWAY'S ENTHUSIASM OVER THE CROWN PRINCE.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



GREETING PRINCE OLAF: THE CHILDREN'S DEMONSTRATION OUTSIDE THE PALACE AT TRONDHJEM.

On the Monday following the Coronation of King Haakon and Queen Maud, 4000 children went in procession to the Palace at Trondhjem, where they held an enthusiastic demonstration. Most of the children carried the Norse flag. The King and Queen appeared at the window above the principal entrance of the palace, and when the little Crown Prince was held up to his small countrymen and countrywomen, they went almost wild with delight.

THE KING, AND OTHER THEMES.

THE "Great King" of the title of Mr. A. M. Broadley's book, "The Boyhood of a Great King" (Harper's) is, of course, his Majesty Edward VII., but we are not to take the remainder of it too literally and suppose that the 400 pages of the volume are given up exclusively to his "Boyhood." They close, indeed, with 1858, the year of the Prince's "emancipation," the author calls it, when, passing out of the tutelage of Mr. Gibbs, "who for eight years with solid instruction was ramming him" (according to Mr. *Punch*), he took up his abode for a time at White Lodge before "in Edinburgh next the gauntlet running of each science and study," going on the Grand Tour, and generally (the wits of the day said) becoming a King in the making at very high pressure. But if the volume closes with the Prince at seventeen, it begins in the royal nurseries one or two hundred years earlier. Nearly a quarter of the book is done before we reach the birth of the great King, and naturally for a good many years thereafter we hear less of him than of his royal parents. The result is not one of which there is great reason to complain. The reader, with the knack of judiciously skipping, will be surprised at the entertainment to be got out of this sketch of the twenty years from 1840 to 1860, compiled from contemporary newspapers, letters, scrap-books, and diaries. Of these none is more copiously drawn upon than *The Illustrated London News*, which is just eight weeks King Edward's junior. For illustrations the author has been able to make use, among other things, of some of the contents of a case inscribed "Etchings, Autographs, etc., of Queen and Royal Family," purchased from a well-known collector four years ago. In the early days of their married life Queen Victoria and Prince Albert employed their leisure in drawing and etching; and there are reproduced here also drawings by the King and the Duke of Edinburgh.

Burns, like Sappho, wrote the most passionate love-songs out of a fickle heart. Who will ever write the true biography of this pagan, with his veneer of eighteenth-century culture? Someone who must be prepared to take his life in his hand, with a publisher not afraid of prison. It will not be Mr. J. Macintosh, though this gentleman has written a competent and readable "Life of Robert Burns" on the orthodox lines (Gardner, Paisley). The orthodox biographer has not much sense of humour. He is always on his knees before his hero, whether that hero is writing "A man's a man for a' that" or licking the boots of a lord. A whole chapter is devoted to "Burns and the Aristocracy," with reverential record of the dates on which the one Immortal that Scotland has ever produced had the honour of dining with the noble Lord or Lady Machaggis. It was true that Burns dearly loved a lord as well as he dearly loved many lasses, but this was surely the veneer. It was to the lass that his heart was "completely tender," and his passions surged in rhyme. Yet, as already granted, this is a distinctly readable biography, giving a concise if somewhat emasculated account of the life that ran parallel with the poems—the countryman on his farm and cracking his whip in a printer's office, the brilliant talker in ale-houses and Edinburgh drawing-rooms, the good fellow and Exciseman, the Jacobite and the patriot, the lover and the husband.

It was from the Norsemen that the Highlanders got the poleaxe. So says Mr. W. C. Mackenzie in his "Short History of the Scottish Highlands and Isles" (Gardner, Paisley), and proceeds to use the weapon on Shakspeare. That Sassenach besmirched and misspelt the name of MacBeth, "friend of the poor, protector of the monks, benefactor of the Church," who, by stepping over the body of Duncan into the throne was merely carrying out the good old Highland tradition. They were brave fighters, these Highlandmen, and their history is mostly battles. That is to say, if Mr. Mackenzie's history is final. But somehow we seem to miss here the romance of these children of the mist. The author is so summary that he says nothing, for instance, of Deirdre and the sons of Uisneach. True, sweet Deirdre comes only into poetry, but then the Iliad and Odyssey were only poems till men like Schliemann and Arthur Evans dug them into history. Then, again, Mary Queen of Scots is grudging a page. O ungallant Mackenzie! This is what Queen Elizabeth might have done. History so written is but a dull record. Fortunately, a quarter of the book is given to an analysis of the social and economic problems of the North, an authoritative story of the booms in black cattle, in sheep, and in kelp. These, in the writer's hands, provide the romance that mere human passions fail to kindle.

What is "an honest biography"? If the claim to have written such a book precluded setting down aught in malice, one could hardly agree that Mr. Alexander Mackintosh had chosen an appropriate secondary title for his "Joseph Chamberlain" (Hodder and Stoughton). For he has displayed a marvellous industry in filling twenty pages with parallel quotations from Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, exhibiting contrary

facets of the statesman's mind, parochial and imperialist, Cobdenite and Tariff Reform, and so forth. This is not the place for a political argument, but some may deny the inconsistency of delivering a eulogy on Mr. Gladstone in 1885 and severe censure on him a few years later. The Home Rule departure of 1886 was so complete a break of continuity in Liberal policy that any man who put principles before persons could with propriety change his tone about the Liberal leader. But Mr. Mackintosh will have nothing to do with the bitter attacks upon Mr. Chamberlain's character which have lowered English public life, if, though his own bias is not concealed, he endeavours to set out fairly the events of a striking career, and to trace the progress of the Radical Town Councillor to the Imperialist Secretary of State. The book is a useful and accurate summary of dates and such matters, but it is good journalism, and nothing more. Its author shows little appreciation of the work of government and the causes of party conflicts, and obviously has no more than an outside view of political life. The "observer from the Gallery of the House of Commons" can tell the newspaper public much, but is not necessarily in a position to make a contribution to history. Mr. Mackintosh has avoided the mistake of writing a history of modern England, and shows considerable power of setting out facts clearly within the limits which he has set himself. But personal knowledge of Mr. Chamberlain would be necessary to any writer who attempted to explain the course of his political progress. This book is free from the ordinary faults of the impressionist school.



THOMAS KILLIGREW AND THOMAS CAREW (?).—BY VANDYCK.

Reproduced from "The Royal Collection of Painters," Vol. II, by permission of the publisher, Mr. William Heinemann.

When we consider how Spain has suffered from its English and American speaking visitors, we are reminded of a certain remark made by Erasmus concerning the uses to which indifferent scholars put the classics. A very large percentage of those who go to tour remain to write books, and the great majority of these books will be found unreadable by all save the devoted friends of the writers. Spain has a peculiar effect upon the emotions, and when these emotions are uncontrolled and divorced from the literary sense the result of their expression is painful to those who have a certain feeling for letters. Not unnaturally the reviewer who knows Spain and has met many books written to set out its fascination is suspicious of additions to the lengthy catalogue. It is pleasant, then, to be able to say that Mr. Edward Hutton's book, "Cities of Spain" (Methuen), is far superior to the average travel-book put out by those who wander south of the Pyrenees. The author is a literary craftsman of no mean ability. His devotion to the right word and the happy expression is so persistent that there are times when facts suffer from it. For ourselves, we have small complaint to make. If we cannot regard the author as a quite reliable historian, we can at least accept him as a charming companion of our way, recognising that his impressions are heart-felt and happily set down, that where he is at fault the faults are trifling. In his conclusion he says—"It is the art of literature that I practise, and by my achievement, or failure in this art I am to be judged." We should not commend this attitude in all authors of travel-books, but Mr. Hutton is perhaps conscious of his own slight shortcomings, and anxious that they may not be used in evidence against him. We are convinced that nobody will read "The Cities of Spain" without enjoyment of word-pictures that do more than common justice to their subject, and we refrain purposely from any more comment upon the colour-pictures by Mr. A. W. Rimington than is involved in a simple statement that they do not recall for us the colour or atmosphere of the places they depict.

THE WINDSOR CASTLE COLLECTION.

THE second and—according to the present scope of a work which it is much to be regretted does not include the treasures of Hampton Court Palace—the last of two magnificent volumes, "The Royal Collection of Paintings" (Heinemann) lies before us. It is leviathan; not a book to be weighed and fondled in the hand; its loyal reviewer must stand and bend before it, doing indeed obeisance to that good taste of his Kings and Queens, his Princes and Princesses, of which it is a witness and a monument. It has been the singular good fortune of the art of Painting that her greatest exponents have ever been favoured by royal patronage. Holbein, Velasquez, Vandyck, had each his most interesting model in his King: Charles V., Francis I., the Emperor Rudolph II., and Maximilian I. were veritable princes among patrons. And now Mr. Cust pays tribute to the interest and ability with which his reigning Sovereign has superintended the rearrangement of the pictures in Windsor Castle; and it is Edward VII.'s personal influence that has reinstated many treasures, hidden away at the time when the unheeding and invulnerable walls of Windsor Castle were redecored and all its interior arrangements modified to suit the caprices of the Victorian epoch. Windsor Castle has shared in the past with humbler homes the devastations of the decorator of barbarous styles. It was when such delightful palaces as those at Kensington and Kew waned in favour that Windsor Castle came under the royal eye. Charles II., with a genius for architectural enterprise and not a little talent in the arts of comfort, first converted the cold corridors and chambers of the Castle into genial apartments. But what was proper to the Merry Monarch was found "unfit" by George IV.; who, in the words of Mr. Cust's weighty commendation, made the castle "into the truly regal residence of which the country is so justly proud."

A royal collection, like every other, is not entirely one of masterpieces; it has been Mr. Cust's endeavour to show by the pictures included in this volume the scope and value of the whole contents of the galleries. But if Mr. Cust has had the difficult task of exclusion added to the pleasant one of inclusion, it has been as little difficult as such a one may ever be. The standard of quality in the King's pictures is remarkably high. Charles I., although he made mistakes in collecting, such as the exchange of the unparalleled book of Holbein drawings against a Raphael that had many equals, was prompted to lavish buying by a taste for what was most noble in painting. The regathering together of his collection, sold by the Commonwealth at such cost to England's artistic wealth, would rob the chief galleries of Europe of many of their chief treasures. But what Charles II. succeeded in doing to reconstruct his father's collection affords at Windsor Castle to-day many valuable testimonies to his discretion. Among these are many important Vandycks, admirably reproduced in this volume. Mr. Cust's Catalogue is arranged in the groups of the various schools, with the exception of the first plate. Given precedence over the British School, it might well have been labelled with the familiar jest of "Non Angli, sed Angeli." The plate shows us the Hungarian's portrait of Queen Victoria, and obtains a special plea from Mr. Cust's pen. Royal portraiture, he argues, is a separate branch of the art; and one supposes that Mr. Cust would have it judged leniently. The next plate, also an essay in royal portraiture, needs no such plea, no such leniency. This is Vandyck's magnificent group of Charles and Henrietta Maria, with the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary. A monarch has seldom figured in painting (and in Andrew Marvell's splendid verse he is as majestic) so regally as does the otherwise unfortunate, but here fortunate, Charles in this and in the three following plates. If the being a king was, as some accounted, his crime, then he had all the appearance of guilt. It is not surprising that the painter who thus saw regality in Charles's mien and bearing met with royal favour, though to the credit of the King's connoisseurship let it be remembered that he requested Vandyck to journey to England before he knew how nobly he was to figure in that painter's canvases; and that he knighted him within three months after his arrival in London in 1632. We mention in passing that Mr. Cust's reign among royal possessions has not yet led to the discovery of a sketch made by Velasquez of the youthful Charles. That is a pity.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,

says Marvell, and Vandyck's paintings are of one whom the words fit. But when Velasquez made his sketch Charles was Prince of Wales, and engaged upon a courtship of which the boisterousness was, perhaps, inspired by the Prince's boisterous companion, "Steenie" Buckingham. But Charles, even then, was a lover of the arts, and noted in England for the refinement of his tastes and manners; and Velasquez' sketch was doubtless that of a youth of rare attractions.

EVERARD MEYNELL.

A FISHERMAN TAKEN UNAWARES: LUCK AT THE END OF A BAD DAY.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



AN UNEXPECTED RISE.

The picture commemorates what has probably happened to many a salmon-fisher after a hopeless day. He had turned up stream to face the wind in order that he might light his pipe in comfort, and to save himself the trouble of reeling up he let his flies drift down stream. Suddenly a big fish rose, and it was only by a dexterous backward movement that the angler got his rod in hand and began to play his fish.

CONTRASTS WITH HENLEY: THE CHIEF FOREIGN REGATTAS.

FOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS; ONE BY PEIRCE AND JONES.



THE ROOMY GERMAN HENLEY: SIX FOURS START ABREAST.



THE SMALL CROWD OF SPECTATORS AT THE BOOM AT THE GERMAN HENLEY.



THE FRENCH HENLEY: THE REGATTA OF THE CERCLE NAUTIQUE, ENGHEN.



THE AUSTRIAN HENLEY: THE VIKING ROWING CLUB'S REGATTA AT VIENNA.



THE AMERICAN HENLEY ON THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER, PENNSYLVANIA.

Nowhere else in the world is our Henley crowd of craft paralleled. Even the American meeting can show only a meagre attendance of spectators, and the water can hardly be said to be alive with boats. This may make for comfort, but certainly not for gaiety, though there is more room for racing

Odol

Mouth Competition.

INFINITE in their variety are mouths. Indeed, we all know that no two are alike, however close may be the resemblance between them. Nor less varied are teeth, which, related though they are in structural outline, are yet as distinctive of the individual as the mouth, face, or physique generally. In one respect all teeth are alike. Happily,

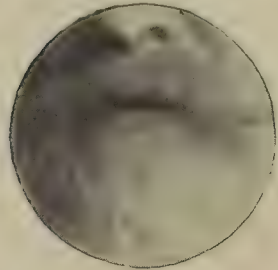
The Proprietors of the Odol Chemical Works offer a series of Prizes to be competed for. On this page are reproductions of 24 mouths, selected from the photographs of celebrated and well-known living personages and celebrities. Those who take

part in this Competition are requested to cut out the advertisement, and write the names of the owners of the mouths under each illustration, adding their own name and address in the space set apart for the purpose. There will be found under

it is a characteristic which could ill be spared, for it is the way in which they yield to the cleansing and brightening process of Odol which is recognised throughout the civilised world as the most perfect liquid antiseptic dentifrice which science has been able to evolve for purifying the mouth, cleansing the teeth and preserving them from decay.

each picture an indication that will help to find the correct names. The correct solutions are securely locked in the Manager's private safe, and will be seen by no one until after the close of the Competition.

Whose Mouth is it . . . ?



1
(Royal Personage.)



2
(Royal Personage.)



3
(Royal Personage.)



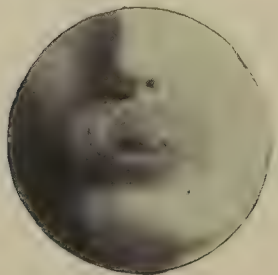
4
(Royal Personage.)



5
(Statesman.)



6
(Statesman.)



7
(Soldier.)



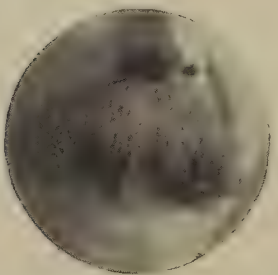
8
(Soldier.)



9
(Sailor.)



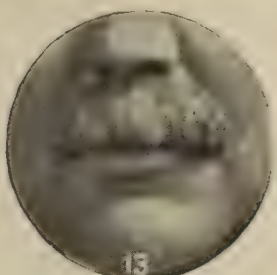
10
(Celebrated Lawyer.)



11
(Sportsman.)



12
(Actress.)



13
(Statesman.)



14
(Actor.)



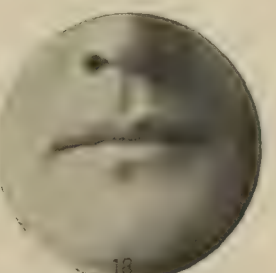
15
(Actress.)



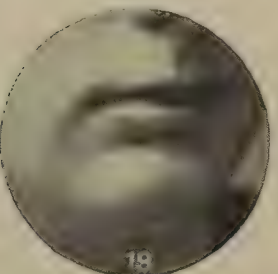
16
(Author.)



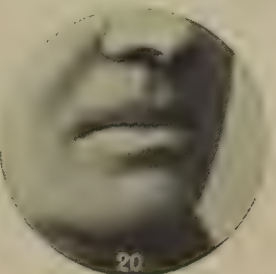
17
(Famous Actor.)



18
(Preacher.)



19
(Distinguished Personage.)



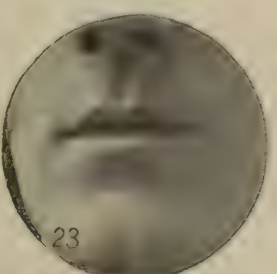
20
(Sailor.)



21
(Soldier.)



22
(Soldier.)



23
(Famous Actor.)



24
(Actor-Manager.)

Name and Address of Competitor:—

The PRIZES are as follows:—

First Prize - - - £20

Second " - - - 10

Third " - - - 5

And 15 Prizes of One Guinea

FIRST PRIZE to the sender of the first letter opened, containing all or the greatest number of correct solutions. **SECOND PRIZE** to second, and **THIRD PRIZE** to third letter opened, containing all or the next greatest numbers of correct solutions. The **15 PRIZES of a Guinea** for the next 15 letters opened, furnishing all or the next highest numbers of correct solutions. Winners of these Guinea prizes will have the option of receiving in place of cash 10 half-crown flasks of Odol. As **Consolation Prizes** a complimentary bottle of Odol will be awarded to all taking part in the Competition who do not secure either of the Prizes, but send in more than 20 correct solutions.

The Prizes will thus be awarded in any case, even if no solution be entirely correct. The Manager's decision is to be taken as final. No correspondence can be entertained.

This Competition closes on August 30, 1906, 12 o'clock noon. No letter will be opened before.

CONDITIONS.

1. Cut out the advertisement, or order a copy of it, by postcard, from the Odol Chemical Works (see address below), stating the name of this paper.
2. Write, very distinctly, one name only under each picture.
3. Post advertisement together with one of the prospectuses in which the Odol Flask is wrapped when purchased at the Chemists or Stores, enclosed in an envelope clearly marked "Mouth Competition," addressed to The Manager, Odol Chemical Works, Southwark Bridge Buildings, 59 to 63, Park Street, S.E., to arrive not later than Thursday, August 30, first post.

LADIES' PAGES.

TWO of the great houses of London have recently been opened for dancing, and in one case there was an almost pathetic interest attaching to the event, for it was the residence of the Duke of Norfolk that was the scene, and there had been no similar entertainment there during all the long years of the Duke's widowed existence. The other dance was at Devonshire House, where the present châteline has so often shown her great talent as a hostess. This was a beautiful and successful ball, for which great preparations had been made; a huge marquee had been erected in the garden for supper, and a temporary verandah was put up all round one side of the house for "sitting out." This was hung with Chinese embroideries, and decorated with stands of beautiful flowers. The floral display all over the mansion was exquisite. Pink and mauve blossoms were used in the ball-room, chiefly in masses of hydrangeas and geraniums falling gracefully in festoons, while numerous single roses, each an exhibition specimen, were placed in glass vases on the mantelpieces and elsewhere. The supper-room was exclusively decorated with roses, crimson ramblers clambered up the stems of growing palms that centred the large tables, and other roses were profusely placed in low receptacles of silver and Venetian glass. The marquee and verandahs were again requisitioned two days later for the celebration of the King's birthday by a great reception given by the Duchess of Devonshire. Her Grace shines on such occasions, and so fulfils the indispensable requirement for an entertainment's success, as set forth on some antique English china plates sold recently at Sotheby's. In all the emphasis of capital letters given to the last two lines, the old china advised mankind to the following effect: "What is a merry man? Let him do all he can, To entertain his guests With wine and merry jests. But if his wife should frown, All merriment goes down!"

Lady Llangatock's reception for the Primrose League at her house, South Lodge, Rutland Gate, was very smartly dressed. The hostess herself wore a yellow gown, brocaded in gold, and trimmed with old lace, in which many diamond ornaments were fastened. Miss Meresia Nevill, Lady Dorothy's daughter, to whose devoted services the Primrose League owes much, was helping to receive in a rose-pink satin gown nearly veiled with lace, and trimmed with black velvet. A good many ladies wore black, the most effective of these toilettes, perhaps, being the Countess of Ancaster's black chiffon satin dress embroidered in lines with diamanté, and trimmed with a quantity of old lace. Another semi-public reception that produced a good display of costumes was the Duchess



BLACK SILK EVENING GOWN.

A simple design for an evening dress in the ever-useful and suitable black taffetas chiffon. The skirt is trimmed by graduated tuckings, and the corsage, folded round the figure, is trimmed with a white gauze fichu edged with frills.

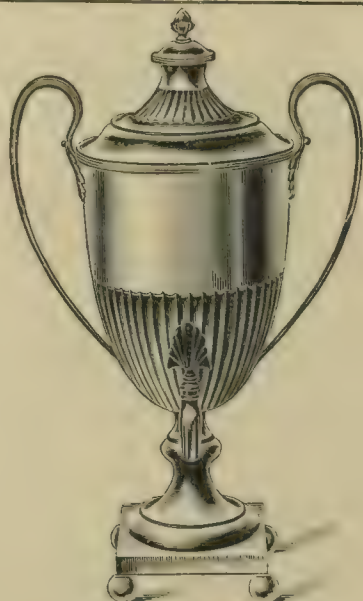
of Sutherland's party to the German editors who have visited London. Stafford House is ideal for such a function. Facing the incoming visitor across the great entrance hall, held up with white and gold Corinthian columns, there is a wide staircase, as wide as an average room, and half-way up this the stairs branch off to either side, leaving a large landing, on which is placed a marble group of statuary; at this point the Duchess takes her stand to receive her guests, who then pass on up the stairs to the wide gallery running all round the hall. From this gallery access is gained to a series of reception-rooms, passing through the great picture gallery. All the rooms are filled with works of art, and the space is amply large enough for a company of some hundreds to move about. On this occasion the Duchess wore a dress of white satin veiled in white mousseline-de-soie beautifully embroidered with silver sequins, and further trimmed with roses and foliage in raised chiffon and silver tissue; the sleevelets were frills of lace sparkling with silver embroideries; and a tall diamond tiara, a diamond necklace and many brooches at the décolletage made a brilliant effect. The Duchess of Portland also presented a splendid appearance in a dress of white lace crossed by bands of glittering embroidery, silver and diamanté; a long chain of diamonds fell over the corsage to below the waist, and a great necklace and tiara of diamonds and sapphires, and many ornaments pinned in the lace on the bodice, completed the effect. Lady Angela Forbes, the Duchess's sister, wore a becoming dress of bright pink satin trimmed with pearls; and Lady Chesterfield was a picture in a gown of gold brocaded on white, worn with a tiara of diamonds. It was altogether a brilliant scene that must have impressed the guests; and it was pretty to see their foreign way of kissing the hand of their hostess.

One of the early English customs that has gone out of date is the use of leather for the material for drinking-vessels. Yet it is the case that it was once recognised that "there's nothing like leather" for the purpose, and for durability, cleanliness, and lightness leather flagons and bottles can hardly be surpassed. Messrs. Liberty have revived the production of these vessels, and they will be found excellent for sports prizes, as they are handsomely mounted in silver, having rims of that agreeable material to come against the lips, with front plaques upon which the name of the winner can be inscribed. The old English shapes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are copied, and the pieces range from a small goblet that costs but twenty-five shillings to loving-cups, tankards, and "Black Jacks" that run into a few pounds the piece. Messrs. Liberty will send a booklet on the subject free on application. At the same time, you should ask for a copy of their Sale Catalogue, for the usual clearance sale begins on July 9, and all the very charming piece-goods, made-up gowns and cloaks, and furnishing

(Continued overleaf.)

Mappin & Webb Ltd.,

Catalogues Post Free.

Claret Jug.
Prince's Plate, £1 1 0
Sterling Silver, 2 15 0Syphon Holder.
Prince's Plate, £1 15 0
Sterling Silver, 5 10 0Prince's Plate Fluted Tea or Coffee Urn.
3 pints, £8 0 0 | 5 pints, £9 10 0
Other sizes in stock.

and Mappin Brothers

Catalogues Post Free.

Very handsomely cut Champagne Jug, with removable Ice Well.
Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.
2 pints, £4 10 0 £8 10 0
4 " 6 5 0 10 10 0Sugar Dredger.
Sterling Silver.
8 in. high, £4 0 0Kettle on Stand.
Prince's Plate. Sterling Silver.
1 1/2 pints, £3 15 0 £10 10 0
2 " 4 4 0 11 10 0
3 " 5 0 0 15 0 0

Squash Stand, with Servers. Prince's Plate, £4 4 0

Cake Basket, 10 inches diameter.
Electro Plate £1 1 0
Prince's Plate 1 8 0
Sterling Silver 5 15 0Hot-Water Jug, "James I."
Prince's Plate Sterling Silver.
1 pint, £2 15 0 £5 10 0
1 1/2 " 3 0 0 6 15 0LONDON ADDRESSES: 158-162, Oxford Street, W.
SHEFFIELD. MANCHESTER.220, Regent Street, W.
PARIS.2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.
JOHANNESBURG.

"ONE OF THE SIGHTS OF LONDON."

THE New Waring's is proving almost as great an attraction as ever, even now that it is open for business. There may not be the same eager crowd of free sightseers, but there is a great daily stream of customers, all marvelling at the wonderful skill shown in the design and arrangement of the place and its exquisite artistic effects, all bent on securing some of the phenomenal bargains that are to be secured in every one of the forty departments, and all expressing with enthusiasm their delight at shopping under such novel and alluring conditions. The idea that the Rotunda would become a regular and recognised shopping centre of the West End is already becoming realised. But the great majority of the visitors to the Rotunda are also customers in one or other of the forty departments. The huge building is thronged with customers every day. Extra salesmen have had to be appointed. The most popular sale could not show such sustained and satisfactory results.

Everyone goes away with two definite and distinct impressions—the first, of the surpassing beauty of the place, which has never been equalled in any business house in the world; and secondly, of the remarkably low price of everything. The public *knew* that Waring's could do things in the most perfectly artistic manner and with a fine distinction; and they had been *told* to look out for something quite exceptional in the way of prices. Their knowledge has been strengthened by the display of skill, ingenuity, and resource, governed throughout by taste; and experience of the prices has more than justified their expectations. Hitherto there has been a marked line of cleavage in furniture prices. Well-made goods of artistic design have invariably been ticketed higher

than badly made goods of poor design. Now, however, Waring's have shown how to combine the

mammoth undertaking. It is not only a few leading lines that are cheap; the policy of good value and good quality reigns everywhere in the business. The millionaire can save money, and get far better artistic results, by going to Waring's. The city clerk can buy his little house equipment on the lines of the strictest economy. There are bargains on every hand; bargains in rare antiques as well as in modern cutlery and house linen.

For it must be remembered that the New Waring's is a much more comprehensive undertaking than its predecessor. They deal not only in furniture, decoration, carpets, and draperies, but also in glass, china, plate, cutlery, pictures, statuary, clocks, ornaments, iron, mongery, Oriental wares, pianos, and, in fact, everything except food and clothing that can be wanted in a modern house of whatever size or rental. You can go to Waring's, sit in a magnificent Rotunda, wander over an antique house of the Queen Anne period, see vistas of noble rooms, be enraptured with model houses, buy anything you want from a saucepan to a genuine piece of Aubusson tapestry, lunch in a pretty restaurant, have tea in a cosy ladies' room, book seats for the theatre, and do it all with a comfort and completeness that have never yet been possible to the London shopper, even in



THE LINEN ROOM AT THE "NEW WARINGS."

quality of the first with the prices of the second. It would not be possible for them to "cut" like this if they did not possess an extraordinary organisation and splendid manufacturing facilities. To sell cheaply one must manufacture in great quantities and by the latest labour-saving methods. This is what Waring's do, and the principle applies right through their

these days of commercial enterprise and progressive activities.

And everywhere there are in evidence the notes of taste, refinement, superior quality, and economy in cost. The customers get good and pretty things at competitive prices, and that is why their name is legion.



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The name LEVER on VIM is a guarantee of Purity and Excellence.

materials associated with Liberty's name are being offered at considerable reductions of price.

Garden parties can be very prettily dressed for this summer, for there never was so charming a show of cheap and light materials. The cotton voiles, if made up with plenty of good imitation lace, form frocks as dainty as if they cost pounds, for all they are only a few pence a yard—a shilling or little more. Then there are the floral printed muslins, of the most charming designs, pink flowers upon a white ground in particular coming out successfully. Green scroll patterns are also very successful, either on an apple-green or a creamy ground; a cluster of natural blossoms in a delicate pink, such as roses or carnations, to bring the tint to a harmony and not a monotony with the natural surroundings, will make your green gown a sure success. Mercerised lawn is responsible for many pretty frocks, the clear texture and the satiny surface combining to produce an excellent effect. Tucks are the best way for trimming the skirt of a plain mercerised material, and there must be a batiste underskirt as carefully made as the overskirt. Silk foundations, of course, at once raise the frock to the level of a tolerably expensive one, and for girls this is superfluous at a garden-party, where a perfectly fresh and essentially pretty, but not costly, little dress is most suitable for a young wearer, and is chosen by even the daughters of wealthy parents, if they have good taste. For the young matron, however, some more display may be seemly, and in this case the material that is most economical in the long run, and all things considered, is silk itself, in one of its various guises.

A refreshing and beautifying perfume is "4711" Eau-de-Cologne. It would be wrong to call eau-de-Cologne a luxury; it is more than that, for it should very rightly be designated a necessity. Refreshing and delicious to the senses it certainly is; but besides all that, eau-de-Cologne, when it is really good, is a beauty agent, excellent as a mouth-wash, perfect as a restorative after hard social work, and of the utmost relief in cases of headache, whether chronic or the reverse. All this is the famous "4711" Eau-de-Cologne, made of ingredients that are of the very best description that money can buy. Men find that if they sponge their faces after shaving with a little fresh water that contains a few drops of "4711," irritation will be prevented. Used on the handkerchief, the scent is an antiseptic; and sprayed over the person it is a most delightful and refreshing adjunct to the toilet. As an eraser of soil spots upon silk or any fabric it is a true friend, and even a raging tooth will become calm under its influence.

That fascinating subject, table linen, is brought before the housewife by the issue of the Sale Catalogue of Messrs. Walpole, of 89, New Bond Street, 102, High Street, Kensington, and Sloane Street. This firm are actual Belfast manufacturers, and so can sell their linens direct from the looms to the customer, thus saving intermediate profits. Nothing can be finer than their goods,

which include all varieties of Irish linen. The table damask is beautifully bleached and finished, and the designs are of great variety to meet all tastes. If one prefers a small "all-over" pattern or a big outstanding design on a plain satiny surface, either will be found. Then sheets, handkerchiefs, ladies' underclothing, and Irish laces and embroideries are all offered at great reductions during the month of July.

How the very name of that hot month suggests the near prospect of holidays, a brief change from the sweltering city streets to a refreshing residence in view of the seashore, or better still, of a cool Swiss lake with its background of grand mountains! Lovely Lucerne, in addition to having its great green lake and its view of Pilatus and the Righi, possesses one of the most famous hotels of the world in the Schweizerhof. The continuous increase in its prosperity proves that this world-famed Swiss hotel maintains its excellence, for a new wing has been erected and opened this spring. The Brothers Hauser, the proprietors, give the whole establishment their personal supervision, and maintain the cuisine at the highest level of excellence, and yet keep the charges strictly moderate. The situation is unrivalled, facing the lovely lake and a terrace shaded by trees; and altogether the Schweizerhof at Lucerne is an ideal place for a stay.

Travelling being mentioned, suggests the impedimenta needful to make life *en voyage* comfortable. It is a happy thought of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, to have brought out a small and handsome bag for a lady's travelling toilet-case, containing all that is required in such a compact form that it can be carried in the hand without difficulty or attracting particular notice; for a week-end visit or a motor-car excursion it is perfect, too. In purple morocco, with a centre space that would just hold the night's attire, while all the toilet articles are fitted round, this is a delightful little article, just the thing to make a present of to a lady. The series of lady's full-sized cases is very complete, and in all the sizes and with regard to every possible detail of fitting, the same statement may be made that is just and true of all this eminent firm's productions—it would not be possible to find anything of the kind more perfectly thought out and finished, at a price so moderate for the value given. The silver fittings are worked with all the taste and skill that characterise the well-known productions of the company in that department of their business; the leather of the cases is English-made, durable and trustworthy; the glass is engraved or cut to perfection. There is a full supply of gentlemen's dressing-cases also on show, and a special catalogue of the department will be sent on application. FILOMENA.



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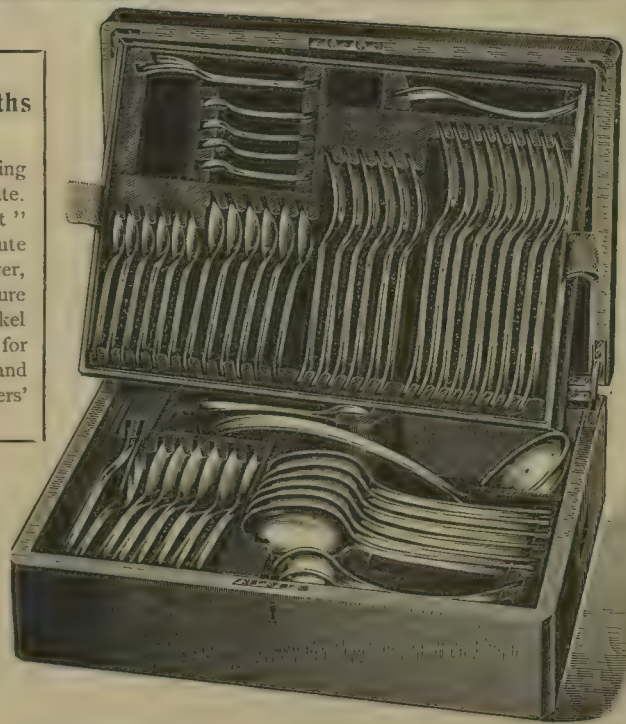
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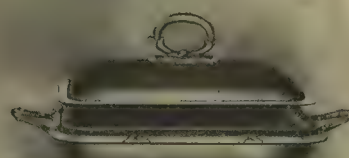
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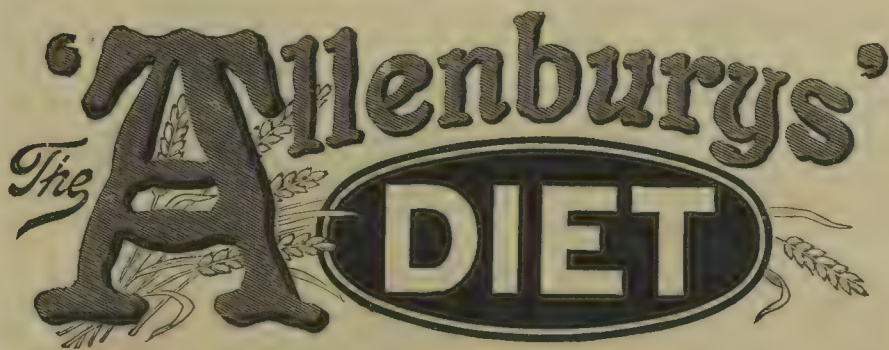
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A large sample posted on receipt of 3 penny stamps.**Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Lombard St., London.****WOMEN**
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

Mlle. Brandes at the New Royalty.

MADAME RÉJANE has left us till another summer comes round, and her place at the Royalty Theatre has been taken by Mlle. Marthe Brandes, who made her first appearance last Monday in a rather sombre thesis-drama of M. Georges de Porto-Riche's, entitled "Le Passé." Its leading idea is the remorseless doctrine that as has been the past, so will be the future, and this is allied with the subordinate but similar notion that a man who has once accustomed himself to deceiving a woman cannot help lying to her to the end. The story of the play is concerned with a woman, Dominique Brienne by name, who, after having been betrayed and deserted by a lover, meets him again, only to find that he still holds

the mastery of her senses. She is on the point of surrendering once more to the voice of the charmer, even at the expense of her best friend, whose love he has won, when she discovers (here comes in the secondary thesis) that he has deceived her once more, as he lied in the past, and so she is saved from the utter shipwreck of her life by the only less mournful alternative or complete disillusion. The dialogue of the piece has wit of a grim, caustic sort; the two leading characters are portrayed with clever touches of detail, and the play's only serious fault, apart from its hopeless and unhelpful creed, is a certain monotony of scheme and scenes. Needless to add, such a rôle as that of the passion-tossed Dominique gives splendid opportunities to Mlle. Brandes, who acts with an emotional sincerity, a womanly tenderness, an overpowering abandonment to sentiment, worthy of Eleonora Duse herself.



PRETTY CORNER.



THE EAST CLIFF AND THE PIER.



THE PROMENADE AND SEA WALL.

SUMMER BY THE SEA: THE DELIGHTS OF CROMER.

The latest experiment being made in the interest of passengers should secure additional patronage for the Great Northern Company. Beginning on the 9th inst., a special new restaurant-car train will leave King's Cross each week-day at 1.10 p.m., reaching Sheringham at 4.38, and Cromer at 4.50, whilst in the reverse direction a similar train will leave Cromer at 12.45 p.m., and Sheringham at 12.58 p.m. for King's Cross. Week-end visitors are also to be given additional inducements to choose the invigorating Norfolk air and the beautiful surroundings of Poppyland in which to recuperate. On Friday evenings a special train will leave King's Cross at 5.45, and on Mondays and Tuesdays corresponding trains from Cromer and Sheringham will bring business men to the Metropolis in time for office duties. The trains are to stop at Peterborough.

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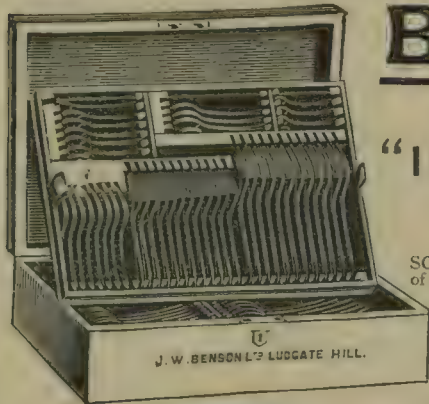
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Baby's Food, to be absolutely perfect must be free from starch, because a young infant cannot possibly digest anything starchy.

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MUSIC.

"EUGENE ONEGIN." AT COVENT GARDEN.

SEVERAL attempts have been made to secure a favourable hearing in this country for Tchaikovsky's opera, "Eugene Onegin." The latest, perhaps we shall be justified in saying the last, was made a few nights ago at Covent Garden, when the opera was admirably

sacrificed, is far too commonplace even to justify her lover's indignation at his friend's temporary flirtation. Tatiana is a more interesting creation, but she does not suffice to save us from being bored by her companions; she cannot redeem the opera. Tchaikovsky himself declared that his work was the outcome of "an invincible inward impulse," and we have no wish to doubt the composer's sincerity. The music is very charming from time to time, but it is absolute and not dramatic, more fit for the

that musical emotion had gone to the writing of a silly letter, the audience could not climb to the height of another enthusiasm.

The construction of Tchaikovsky's opera belongs to the bad middle period of the nineteenth century. The chorus works like an elaborated automaton, all the leading characters come out of the picture and delay the action of the opera while they sing their arias, and if "Eugene Onegin" teaches us anything at all,



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THE ARGYLL COMPANY'S NEW MOTOR WORKS AT ALEXANDRIA.

The new works of the Argyll Company were opened at Alexandria, near Glasgow, on June 26. The inaugural ceremony was performed by Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. The works have cost £300,000.

produced, finely sung, and conducted with a remarkable mixture of zeal and discretion by Signor Campanini. There can be but one verdict as far as London is concerned—the work is dull. From the musical standpoint there is much to please, but it is impossible not to feel that the composer was thinking all the time of his orchestra rather than of the stage. If we could share Russian enthusiasm for Pushkin's poem, we might see the work in a new light, but this is not possible. Onegin himself is a mere sentimental Philistine. Lensky is a dull person who only succeeds in becoming interesting a few minutes before he is shot; and Olga, for whom friendship and life are so freely

concert platform than the opera house. Mlle. Destinn did ample justice to her opportunities in the part of Tatiana. Madame Kirkby Lunn sang finely, but was not suited by the part; Battistini did all that could be done, and succeeded with Mlle. Destinn's help in conveying some sense of drama across the footlights in the last act; too late to save the situation. The composer had already betaken himself to the heights of passion and emotion to describe the writing of a love-letter by a young girl to a middle-aged man, and the means was out of all proportion to the end. Had Tatiana been about to liberate her country from a tyrant the music would have seemed appropriate enough, but when all

it is that the finest writer of orchestral music is liable to prove himself utterly incapable of understanding the proper demands, capacities, and limitations of the stage.

The Carron Line have issued an interesting tourist guide and time-table of their steamers sailing between London and Scotland. Their magnificent twin-screw steamer *Avon* is the most luxurious vessel on the East Coast, and no pleasanter way of going North or coming South could be imagined than a trip on a Carron steamer. The other vessels of the line are the *Grange*, the *Forth*, and the *Thames*, all specially built for the service.

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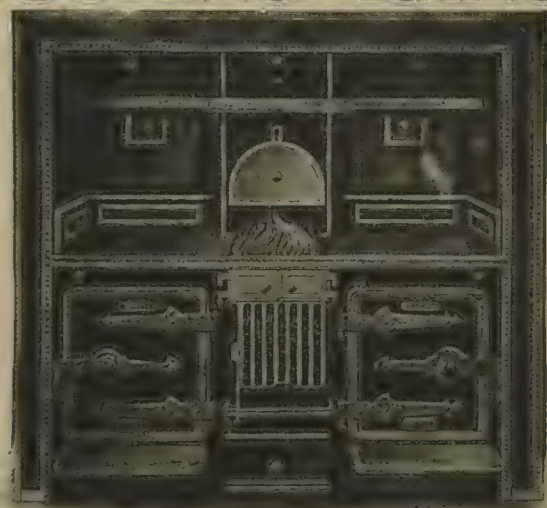
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Plymouth..."	2 40	3 34	4 50	8 3	Exeter..."	10 15	12 5	—	E 3 25
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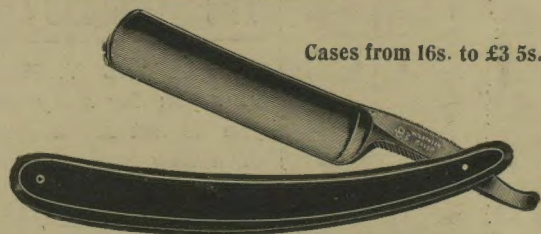
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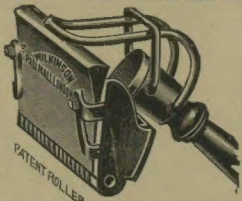
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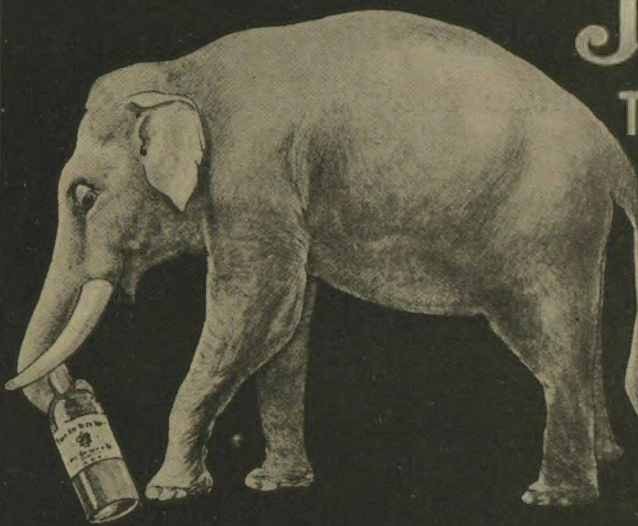
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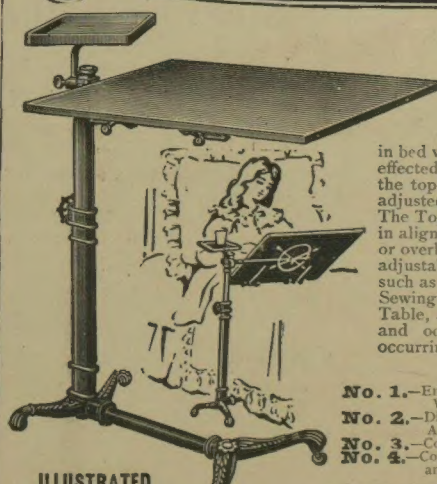
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Archbishop of York was obliged to return to Bishopthorpe before the reception of Colonial and Missionary Church workers which was held last week in the great hall of the Church House. Ten Bishops were among the guests, besides representatives of forty-five Church Missionary Societies, and twenty-one diocesan boards of Missions. The Primate gave a very hearty welcome to the visitors from abroad.

Canon Kelly, of Manchester, celebrated his golden wedding last week. Two of his sons are clergymen, one a doctor, and the fourth, Colonel A. J. Kelly, is noted as one of the tallest officers in the British Army. Canon Kelly's long clerical life has been almost entirely spent in Lancashire, though for five years he was Principal of St. Elizabeth's College, Guernsey.

The approaching settlement of the Rev. A. V. Magee, as Vicar of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, is an event of much interest to West London Churchmen. Mr. Magee—a son of the famous Irish prelate who became Archbishop of York—began his clerical career as chaplain to Dr. Randall Davidson in his Rochester days, and in 1896 was appointed Vicar of Gargrave, Leeds. As a preacher he is likely to maintain the high reputation which St. Mark's has won during Dr. Duckworth's long tenure of the benefice. Perhaps the most eloquent preacher at St. Mark's in the last ten years was the Rev. H. R. Gamble, now Rector of Holy Trinity, Sloane Square.

The new Bishop Suffragan of Jarrow (Dr. Nickson) was consecrated in York Minster on St. Peter's Day. His attached congregation at St. Andrew's Church, Southport,



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The Maestro - Piano is a pianoforte to which is attached a mechanism worked by electricity, which records the performance of the world's greatest pianists, just as the Gramophone records the voice. Every note is recorded, every accent retained, the most delicate use of the pedals marked. The sole agents for Great Britain are Messrs. Metzler and Co., Ltd., 40-43, Great Marlborough Street, W.

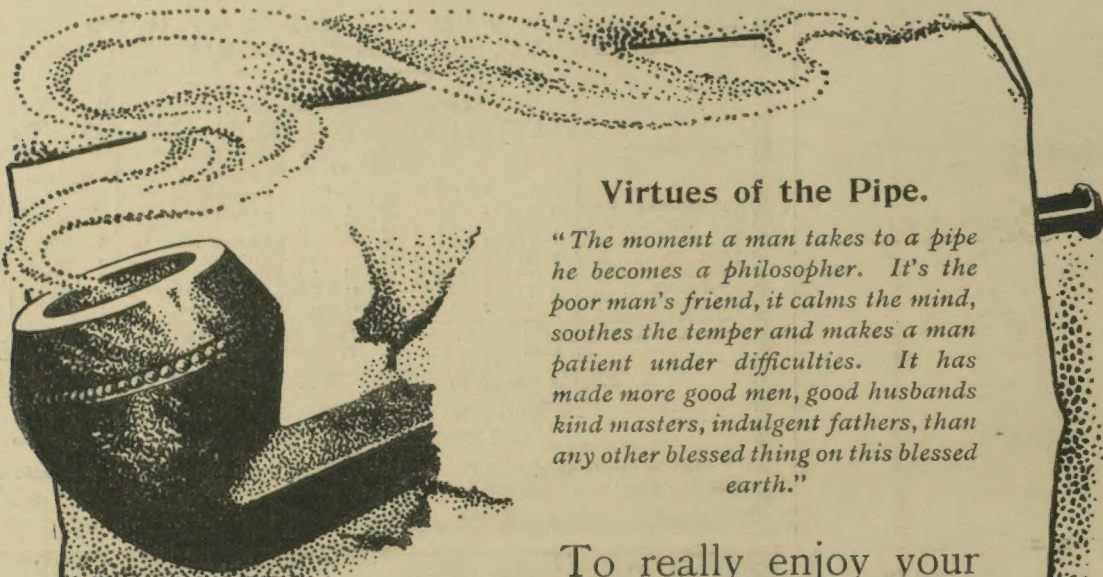
have presented him with episcopal robes, and his friends at Fairfield, Liverpool, have given him an episcopal ring.

The Seamen's Institute at San Francisco was destroyed during the recent earthquake, and is to be rebuilt at a cost of £5000. The Rev. S. H. Wingfield Digby, formerly Chaplain at San Francisco, writes to the *Guardian* that the need is greater than ever. "Temporary saloons are already springing up, and the Water Front will for some years be cut off from the better part of the city by a large tract of deserted ground. . . . The high rate of wages will draw a very rough class of men into San Francisco from all parts of the world for the next few years."

The new Bishop of Oregon, the Rev. Charles Scadding, is the son of a Canadian clergyman, and was born at Toronto. As a young man he assisted Dr. Rainsford in his remarkable mission efforts among the slum population of New York.

V.

Numerous publications for the holiday season are now being issued, and amongst them we single out for comment "The Illustrated Handbook on the Peak of Derbyshire," published by the Midland Railway Company. We are reminded that the Peak of Derbyshire was described by the late John Ruskin as "the most educational of all English landscapes," and that other notable writers have claimed for it pre-eminence on the score of natural beauty. The brochure is illustrated, and contains short descriptive notes of the historic and scenic localities in which the district abounds, maps and tables of fares, and other information useful to the tourist.



Virtues of the Pipe.

"The moment a man takes to a pipe he becomes a philosopher. It's the poor man's friend, it calms the mind, soothes the temper and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men, good husbands kind masters, indulgent fathers, than any other blessed thing on this blessed earth."

To really enjoy your pipe you must smoke Gallaher's "Gold Bond" Mixture—a tobacco that will smoke cool, sweet and free in any pipe.

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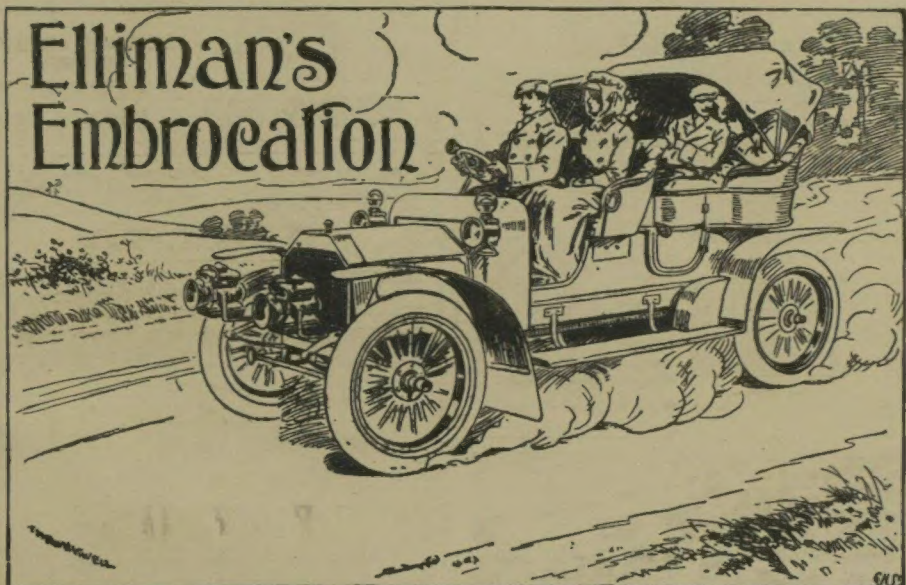
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The instructors, among others, are Prof. Hermann, Prof. Klengel, Kapellmeister Prof. Sitt, Prof. Homeyer (Organist of
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Heinrich Zöllner, &c.

Prospectuses in German and English sent gratis on application.

LEIPZIG, June 1906.

Director of the Royal Conservatorium of Music, DR. RÖNTSCH.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated April 12, 1906) of PHILIP HENRY WODEHOUSE, LORD CURRIE, of Hawley, Hants, and 8, Prince's Gate, who died on May 12, has been proved by Laurence Currie, the nephew, and Colonel Charles Anthony Hamilton Lamb, the value of the estate being sworn at £141,468. The testator gives £500 each to the Yately Cottage Hospital and the Charity Organisation Society; £1000 to Colonel Lamb; £30,000, in trust, for his late wife's granddaughter, Maria Therese Clara Pera de Groote; and £30,000 each, in trust, for his wife's two daughters, the Baroness de Groote and Mrs. Mary Sophy Theresa Harbord. The residue of his property he leaves to his nephew, Laurence Currie.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1897) of MR. RICHARD HILL, of The Hall, Thornton Dale, York, who died on April 1, has been proved by Edward John Hill, Richard Marshall, and the Rev. Arthur Hill, the value of the estate being £57,496. The testator gives £100 and part of his plate to his wife, Mrs. Evereld Ellen Hill; and other plate to his son George Francis; and the residue of his property, in trust, for his son Richard.

The will (dated June 8, 1904) of DAME SARAH JANE BULLARD, widow of Sir Harry Bullard, M.P., of Hellesdon House, Hellesdon, Norwich, who died on March 18, has been proved by Edward John Bullard and Gerald

Thomas Bullard, the sons, and Donald George Farebrother Gaul, the value of the property being £21,454.

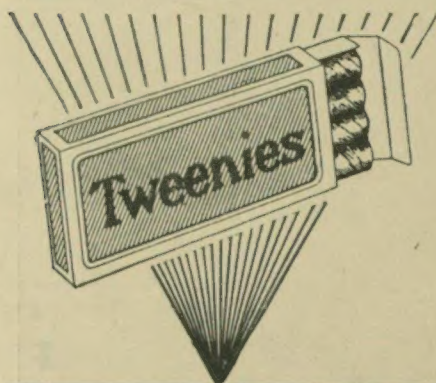
The will (dated March 2, 1891) of MR. WILLIAM CHARLES DENBY, of 20, Kensington Park Gardens, who died on May 15, was proved on June 15 by Mrs. Mary Denby, the widow, and the Rev. Barton Wilcockson Allen, the nephew, the value of the estate being £112,468. Subject to legacies of £200 each to his said nephew and to his niece, Grace Roscoe Allen, the testator leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated Aug. 12, 1905) of MR. FREDERIC JUST CLAUDET, of 10, Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, and 6 and 7, Coleman Street, E.C., who died on April 19, was proved on June 15 by Arthur Crozier Claudet, the son, and Walter Scadding, the gross value of the estate amounting to £224,353. The testator gives £16,000, in trust, for each of his sons Henry Lionel and John Pearson Urry; £21,000, in trust, for his daughter Isaie Marion Bing; £11,000, in trust, for his brother Francis George; £5000 and an annuity of £1000 to his sister Mary Claudet; the goodwill of his business of a metallurgist and £60,000, in trust, for his son Arthur Crozier; £500 each to his executors; £500 to the Hampstead General Hospital; £300 to the Mount Vernon Hospital for Consumption; £250 each to the Orphan Working Home, Haverstock Hill, and the Reedham Orphanage; £200 each to King Edward's Hospital Fund

and the French Benevolent Society; and £100 each to the Great Northern Hospital, the London Fever Hospital, and the Vicar of Hampstead for charitable purposes. All other his property he leaves to his son Arthur Crozier.

In our page of birthday honours, the photographs of Mr. Spicer, Sir J. Brunner, Mr. Courtney, Sir J. Jenkins, Mr. Gould, Mr. Torrance, Mr. Whittaker, Mr. Drummond, Mr. Shaw Lefevre, Mr. Pirrie, Sir Walter Lawrence, Mr. Greenwell, Mr. Brynmor Jones, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Armitstead, Sir J. Kitson, Mr. Pigott, and Mr. Bamford Slack are by Elliott and Fry; those of Mr. Luke Fildes and Dr. Farquharson are by Russell; and those of Mr. Felix Schuster and the Lord Mayor are by the London Stereoscopic; that of Mr. Benn by L. E. A.; and of Mr. Ward by Bacon.

The present year is certainly likely to be an epoch-making one in the annals of the Great Western Railway, for it will witness more than one of those "linkings-up" which are rapidly bringing the West of England nearer London and placing holiday-makers within easier reach of districts remarkable both for their historic interest and natural beauty. The opening of the Castle Cary and Langport link-line, which was fixed for July 1, not only lessens the journey from London to Exeter and Plymouth by twenty-one miles, but the new route passes through the heart of the most picturesque portion of Somersetshire.



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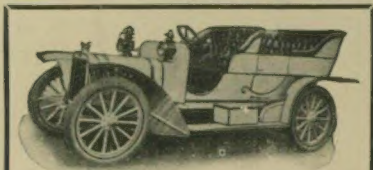
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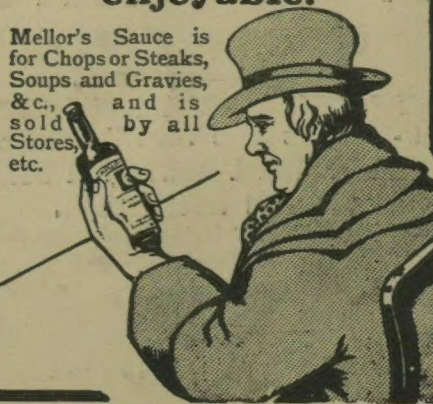
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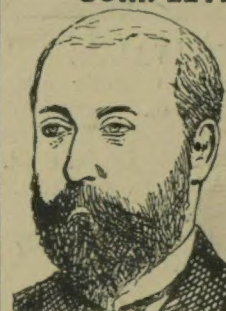
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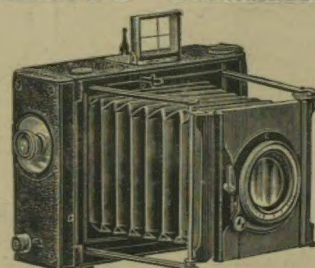


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